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ONE HUNDRED  
CHOICE SELECTIONS  
IN  
POETRY AND PROSE,

BOTH NEW AND OLD:

EMBRACING

THE MOST POPULAR PATRIOTIC EFFUSIONS OF THE DAY, THE  
RAREST POETICAL GEMS, THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF  
ORATORY, AND A FUND OF MIRTH  
AND HUMOR.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF ACADEMIES, SCHOOLS, PRIVATE  
CLASSES, AND THE HOME CIRCLE; AND ESPECIALLY  
ADAPTED TO THE USE OF LITERARY SOCIE-  
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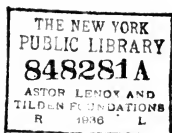
BY

NATHANIEL K. RICHARDSON,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION AND READING IN VARIOUS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE  
INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY P. GARRETT & CO.,  
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Richardson



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INTRODUCTORY.

OUR only excuse for offering this little work to an appreciative public is the clear conviction that there is a demand for it. An experience of ten years in the school-room has convinced us of the need of a book containing only the best selections from our multiplicity of readers, and also from other sources; and furnished at such a price, that every child in the land may possess it.

This we flatter ourselves we have done, and here present a work, that will be found truly valuable as a class book, either alone, or to use in alternation with larger readers in our various institutions of learning.

For recitations and declamations in Lyceums, literary meetings, and the parlor, it offers rare advantages, containing, as it does, just such selections as would be chosen, and is light and convenient to carry; to say nothing about the price, which is so low, as to place it within the reach of all.

The selections have been made with great care by a popular elocutionist and teacher of this city, with a view to combine Patriotism, Sentiment, Eloquence, and Humor, in proper proportion; and a glance at the table of contents will satisfy any one of the successful achievement of this object, and, also, show that the material has been chosen from the highest sources our country can afford.

About one half of the selections are entirely new, many of which have not previously appeared in book form; while the older ones are composed of such as will never lose their interest and value;—about one-fourth of all are prose selections, from fresh and standard sources;—and in order to avoid monotony, and supply another demand, *nearly* one fourth is composed of gems of wit and drollery, in prose and verse.

Altogether, the book is just what we intended it to be, and pardon the egotism when we say, "we are pleased with it;" but we send it forth to seek its own level, feeling assured that whatever merit it may contain, will be appreciated by a discriminating public.

THE PUBLISHERS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1866.

## TO TEACHERS.

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CONSIDERABLE experience as a teacher of Reading and Elocution has proved to us the necessity of employing a little less *theory* and vastly more *practice* in our endeavors to teach this difficult branch and to this end a compilation is offered in the following pages especially adapted to *practical* elocution.

*Machine* orators and readers are infinitely worse than none at all;—and although we would not wish to be understood as totally averse to systems and rules, still, we repeat, we would have less of theme, and more of such selections as we here present. Selections—which, generally, must stir the very depths of the soul, call forth every emotion of the human heart, and, from the very nature of their quality and construction, invite and demand a proper and *natural* delivery.

N. K. R.

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## CHOICE SELECTIONS.

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### OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;  
The mother that infant's affection who proved;  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot to sow and to reap;  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—  
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,  
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;  
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;  
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;  
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,  
Still followed each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath;  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—  
Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE AMERICAN FLAG.—*By Joseph Rodman Drake.*

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurld her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there!  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light,  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She call'd her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land!

...

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—  
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high!  
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
By angel-hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet,  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

INFELICISSIME.—*Nassau Magazine.*

I STAND upon the hoary mountains of old Time,  
 God's stern and sleepless sentinels, that loom  
 In shadowy dimness, silent and sublime,  
 Through bending clouds of glory and of gloom.  
 I see around me shapes of rare device,  
 Domes, minarets and towers  
 Of Nature's own contriving; and soft bowers  
 Of interwoven branches, vines and flowers,  
 Through which trip lightly the impassioned Hours.  
 I hear the gushing melody of birds—  
 The dash of dancing waters, and the deep  
 Low murmurs of the winds, that creep  
 Into my soul, like music without words;  
 I stand in Paradise!

And lo! two beings, young, and beautiful  
 Beyond the poet's most enraptured dream,  
 Glide through the mazes: resting now to cull  
 Sweet tinted flowers that fringe a silver stream,  
 Or clustering fruits that in the sunlight gleam;  
 And all the while their voices fill the air  
 With swelling anthems to the Great Supreme,  
 And all the while, in peace, they wander there,  
 God-loving and beloved, without or grief or care.

The charm is broken! from a distant hill,  
 I see the Serpent take his subtle way,  
 To where, all dreamless of the coming ill,  
 The doomed pair in happy converse stray;  
 And now, with secret art, he holds his prey,  
 And now enfolds them like a tongue of flame;  
 With charmed words he leadeth them astray,  
 Till, all forgetful of the Master's claim,  
 They do the deed of sin, and hide themselves in shame.

I read, in Holy verse,  
 Their everlasting curse!  
 "Thou shalt bring forth in pain,  
 And live in sorrow, and toil in vain,  
 And thistles reap, and thorns, instead of grain,  
 And down thy brow shall sweat-drops roll like rain."

That curse has had no death; we are brought forth in pain,  
 And all the pathway of our checkered years  
 Is strewn with ashes and remorseful tears,  
 Till, in the midst of grief, we yield our breath again.  
 Yes! the world is full of sorrow  
 And dismay;  
 Joy lives always in to-morrow!  
 Pain, to-day!

Sweet phantoms rise, to cheer our bleak existence,  
 And lure us onward with uplifted hands,  
 We follow—and they fade into the distance,  
 As fades the mirage upon desert sands.

What boots it, that the earth makes show of joy?  
 That roses bloom, and trees grow green in spring,  
 That the soft grass springs up without annoy,  
 That skies are blue, and birds forever sing?  
     There are more weeds than flowers,—  
     More sad than sunny hours!  
     And though the leaves be musical,  
     They all must wither soon, and fall!  
     And though the green grass waves—  
     Down under it are graves!  
     And, alas! they have no souls,  
 Those little birds, whose melody so rolls.

What boots it, that we ring the merry laugh,  
     Sing the song, and crack the jest;  
 That we seek love—deem kisses more than chaff,  
     Or hold pleasure worth the quest?  
 And what boots it, that some glide  
     Through the world with little care?  
 And what boots it, that the bride  
     Is so jubilant and fair?

    The pleasure that we follow  
     Like our laugh is hollow—hollow  
     As a bell  
 That now rings us to a wedding, with a chime;  
 And now buries us in sorrow for a time—  
     With a knell!

And the jest seldom slips,  
 But it strikes a tender chord!  
 And a kiss was on the lips  
 Of the wretch who sold his Lord!  
 Do you sing?—the sweetest songs  
 Tell of sorrows and of wrongs.  
 Do you love?—perfect love  
 Only lives in realms above,  
 And the careless are the light,—  
     Light of heart, and light of head:  
 And ye robe the bride in white,—  
     And, in white, ye shroud the dead.

**EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF PARK GODWIN, ON  
THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.**

THE great captain of our cause—ABRAHAM LINCOLN—smitten by the basest hand ever upraised against human innocence, is gone, gone, gone! He who had borne the heaviest of the brunt, in our four long years of war, whose pulse beat livelier, whose eyes danced brighter than any others, when

“The storm drew off  
Its scattered thunders groaning round the hills,”

in the supreme hour of his joy and glory was struck down. One who, great in himself, as well as by position, has suddenly departed. There is something startling, ghastly, awful in the manner of his going off. But the chief poignancy of our distress is not for the greatness fallen, but for the goodness lost. Presidents have died before: during this bloody war we have lost many eminent generals—Lyons, Baker, Kearney, Sedgwick, Reno, and others; we have lost lately our finest scholar, publicist, orator. Our hearts still bleed for the companions, friends, brothers that sleep the sleep “that knows no waking,” but no loss has been comparable to his, who was our supremest leader,—our safest counsellor—our wisest friend—our dear father. Would you know what Lincoln was, look at this vast metropolis, covered with the habiliments of woe! Never in human history has there been so universal, so spontaneous, so profound an expression of a nation's bereavement.

Yet we sorrow not as those who are without hope. Our chief is gone; but our cause remains; dearer to our hearts, because he is now become the martyr; consecrated by his sacrifice; more widely accepted by all parties; and fragrant and lovely forevermore in the memories of all the good and the great, of all lands, and for all time. The rebellion, which began in the blackest treachery, to be ended in the foulest assassination; this rebellion, accursed in its motive, which was to rivet the shackles of slavery on a whole race for all the future; accursed in its means, which have been “red ruin and the breaking up of laws,” the overthrow of the mildest and blesseddest of governments, and the profuse shedding of brother's blood by brother's hands; accursed in its accompaniments of violence, cruelty, and barbarism, and is now doubly accursed in its final act of cold-blooded murder.

Cold-blooded, but impotent, and defeated in its own purposes! The frenzied hand which slew the head of the government, in the mad hope of paralyzing its functions, only drew the hearts of the people together more closely to strengthen and sustain its power. All the North once more, without party or division, clenches hands around the common altar: all the North swears a more earnest fidelity to freedom; all the North again presents its breasts as the living shield and bulwark of the nation's unity and life. Oh! foolish and wicked dream, oh! insanity of fanaticism,

oh ! blindness of black hate—to think that this majestic temple of human liberty, which is built upon the clustered columns of free and independent states, and whose base is as broad as the continent—could be shaken to pieces, by striking off the ornaments of its capital ! No ! this nation lives, not in one man nor in a hundred men, however eminent, however able, however endeared to us ; but in the affections, the virtues, the energies and the will of the whole American people. It has perpetual succession, not like a dynasty, in the line of its rulers, but in the line of its masses. They are always alive ; they are always present to empower its acts, and to impart an unceasing vitality to its institutions. No maniac's blade, no traitor's bullet shall ever penetrate that heart, for it is immortal, like the substance of Milton's angels, and can only "by annihilating die."

### THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.—*Francis De Haes Janvier.*

The incidents here woven into verse relate to William Scott, a young soldier from the State of Vermont, who, while on duty as a sentinel at night, fell asleep, and, having been condemned to die, was pardoned by the President. They form a brief record of his humble life at home and in the field, and of his glorious death.

'Twas in the sultry summer-time, as War's red records show,  
When patriot armies rose to meet a fratricidal foe—  
When, from the North, and East, and West, like the upheaving  
    sea,  
Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veil'd decay—  
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay :  
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and feverish  
    breath,  
He waited but the appointed hour to die a culprit's death.

Yet, but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with a care,  
He roam'd at will, and freely drew his native mountain air—  
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks, from many a wood-  
    land font,  
And waving elms, and grassy slopes, give beauty to Vermont !

Where, dwelling in an humble cot, a tiller of the soil,  
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's toil—  
Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering country's cry  
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal, for her to live or die.

Then left he all :—a few fond tears, by firmness half conceal'd,  
A blessing, and a parting prayer, and he was in the field—



The field of strife, whose dews are blood, whose breezes War's  
hot breath,  
Whose fruits are garner'd in the grave, whose husbandman is  
Death!

Without a murmur, he endured a service new and hard;  
But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one night, on  
guard,  
He sank, exhausted, at his post, and the gray morning found  
His prostrate form—a sentinel, asleep, upon the ground!

So, in the silence of the night, aweary, on the sod,  
Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son of God;—  
Yet, Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their heavy eyes,  
And, though betray'd to ruthless foes, forgiving, bade them rise!

But God is love,—and finite minds can faintly comprehend  
How gentle Mercy, in His rule, may with stern Justice blend;  
And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found none to justify,  
While War's inexorable law decreed that he must die.

'Twas night.—In a secluded room, with measured tread, and  
slow,  
A statesman of commanding mien, paced gravely to and fro.  
Oppress'd, he ponder'd on a land by civil discord rent;  
On brothers arm'd in deadly strife:—it was the President!

The woe of thirty millions fill'd his burden'd heart with grief;  
Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their chief;  
And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry  
Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison, doom'd to die!

'Twas morning.—On a tented field, and through the heated haze,  
Flash'd back, from lines of burnish'd arms, the sun's effulgent  
blaze;  
While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,  
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,  
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.  
A youth—led out to die;—and yet, it was not death, but shame,  
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly  
frame!

Still on, before the marshal'd ranks, the train pursued its way  
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—  
His coffin! And, with reeling brain, despairing—desolate—  
He took his station by its side, abandon'd to his fate!

Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the  
air:—  
He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his mother there;

He saw his father bow'd with grief, through fast-declining years;  
He saw a nameless grave; and then, the vision closed—in tears!

Yet, once again. In double file, advancing, then, he saw  
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law—  
But saw no more:—his senses swam—deep darkness settled  
round—

And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound!

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds and wheels approach,—

And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appear'd a stately coach.  
On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course was  
bent,

Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President!

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;  
And from a thousand voices rose a shout which rent the air!  
The pardon'd soldier understood the tones of jubilee,  
And, bounding from his fetters, bless'd the hand that made him  
free!

'Twas Spring.—Within a verdant vale, where Warwick's crystal  
tide

Reflected, o'er its peaceful breast, fair fields on either side—  
Where birds and flowers combined to cheer a sylvan solitude—  
Two threatening armies, face to face, in fierce defiance stood!

Two threatening armies! One invoked by injured Liberty—  
Which bore above its patriot ranks the Symbol of the Free;  
And one, a rebel horde, beneath a flaunting flag of bars,  
A fragment, torn by traitorous hands, from Freedom's Stripes  
and Stars!

A sudden shock which shook the earth, 'mid vapor dense and  
dun,

Proclaim'd, along the echoing hills, the conflict had begun;  
While shot and shell, athwart the stream with fiendish fury sped,  
To strew among the living lines the dying and the dead!

Then, louder than the roaring storm, peal'd forth the stern com-  
mand,

"Charge! soldiers, charge!" and, at the word, with shouts, a fear-  
less band,

Two hundred heroes from Vermont, rush'd onward, through the  
flood,

And upward o'er the rising ground, they mark'd their way in  
blood!

The smitten foe before them fled, in terror, from his post—  
While, unsustain'd, two hundred stood, to battle with a host!  
Then, turning, as the rallying ranks, with murderous fire, replied  
They bore the fallen o'er the field, and through the purple tide!

The fallen! And the first who fell in that unequal strife,  
Was he whom Mercy sped to save when Justice claim'd his  
life—

The pardon'd soldier! And, while yet the conflict raged around—  
While yet his life-blood ebb'd away through every gaping  
wound—

While yet his voice grew tremulous, and death bedimm'd his  
eye—

He call'd his comrades to attest he had not fear'd to die!  
And, in his last expiring breath, a prayer to heaven was sent—  
That God, with His unfailing grace, would bless our President!

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—*By George H. Boker.*

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around.—*Coleridge.*

O, WHITHER sail you, Sir John Franklin?  
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.  
To know if between the land and the pole  
I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,  
As you would live and thrive;  
For between the land and the frozen pole  
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,  
And spoke unto his men:—  
Half England is wrong, if he is right;  
Bear off to the westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?  
Cried the little Esquimaux.  
Between the land and the polar star  
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,  
The little Indian said;  
And change your cloth for fur clothing,  
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,  
And the crew laughed with him too;  
A sailor to change from ship to sled,  
I ween, were something new.

All through the long, long polar day,  
The vessels westward sped;  
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,  
The ice gave way and fled.

Gave way with many a hollow groan,  
And with many a surly roar;  
But it murmured and threatened on every side,  
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,  
The broad and open sea?  
Bethink ye what the whaler said,  
Think of the little Indian sled!  
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,  
The scud drives on the breeze,  
The ice comes looming from the north,  
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—  
We cannot rule the year;  
But long ere summer's sun goes down,  
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,  
And floundered down the gale;  
The ships were staid, the yards were manned,  
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,  
We sail not on yonder sea;  
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?  
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes—  
We cannot rule the year:  
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,  
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,  
And closed beneath the lee,  
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;  
'Twas ice around, behind, before—  
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?  
What think you of the Esquimaux?  
A sled were better than a ship,  
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,  
The northern light came out,  
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,  
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,  
And on the decks was laid;  
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,  
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,  
The hissing wind is bleak,  
The hard, green ice is strong as death ;  
I prithee, Captain, speak !

The night is neither bright nor short,  
The singing breeze is cold,  
The ice is not so strong as hope—  
The heart of man is bold !

What hope can scale this icy wall,  
High o'er the main flag-staff?  
Above the ridges the wolf and bear  
Look down with a patient, settled stare,  
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came—  
We could not rule the year ;  
But summer will melt the ice again,  
And open a path to the sunny main,  
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,  
The winter came around ;  
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,  
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,  
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark ! heard you not the noise of guns ?  
And there, and there again ?  
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,  
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra ! hurra ! the Esquimaux  
Across the ice-fields steal :  
God give them grace for their charity !  
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields ?  
And where are the English trees ?  
And where are the little English flowers  
That open in the breeze ?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors !  
You shall see the fields again,  
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,  
The grass and the waving grain.

Oh ! when shall I see my orphan child ?  
My Mary waits for me.  
Oh ! when shall I see my old mother,  
And pray at her trembling knee ?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors,  
Think not such thoughts again !  
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek ;  
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,  
The ice grows more and more;  
More settled stare the wolf and bear,  
More patient than before.

Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,  
We'll ever see the land?  
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,  
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel to send us here, Sir John,  
So far from help or home,  
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:  
I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty  
Had rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,  
Or sail to our own country,  
We have done what man has never done—  
The open ocean danced in the sun—  
We passed the Northern Sea!

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KANE—DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1857.—*Fitz James O'Brien.*

ALOFT upon an old basaltic crag,  
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole  
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll  
Around the secret of the mystic zone,  
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag  
Flutters alone,  
And underneath, upon the lifeless front  
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced;  
Fit type of him, who famishing and gaunt,  
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,  
Breasted the gathering snows,  
Clung to the drifting floes,  
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,  
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,  
Crowned with the icy honors of the North,  
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,  
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb  
His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,  
Burst from decorous quiet as he came,  
Hot Southern lips with eloquence aflame,  
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,  
Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged West,  
From out his giant breast,

Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,  
 Jubilant to the sky,  
 Thundered the mighty cry,  
 HONOR TO KANE!

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung  
 The reddenng roses! All in vain we poured  
 The golden wine, and round the shining board  
 Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung  
 With the thrice tripled honors of the feast!  
 Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased  
 Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,  
 Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,  
 Faded and faded! And the brave young heart  
 That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed  
 Of all its vital heat, in that long quest  
 For the lost captain, now within his breast  
 More and more faintly throbbed.  
 His was the victory; but as his grasp  
 Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,  
 Death launched a whistling dart;  
 And ere the thunders of applause were done  
 His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!  
 Too late—too late the splendid prize he won  
 In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!  
 Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,  
 Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,  
 And in the burning day  
 Wastes peak by peak away,  
 Till on some rosy even  
 It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he  
 Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,  
 And melted into heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!  
 We will not weep for him who died so well:  
 But we will gather round the hearth, and tell  
 The story of his strife,  
 Such homage suits him well;  
 Better than funeral pomp, or passing bell!

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!  
 Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,  
 With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow!  
 Night lengthening into months; the ravenous floc  
 Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear  
 Crunches his prey. The insufficient share  
 Of loathsome food;  
 The lethargy of famine: the despair  
 Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued;  
 Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued  
 Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind  
 Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!

That awful hour, when through the prostrate band  
 Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand  
 Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew.  
 The whispers of rebellion, faint and few  
 At first, but deepening ever till they grew  
 Into black thoughts of murder: such the throng  
 Of horrors bound the Hero. High the song  
 Should be that hymns the noble part he played!  
 Sinking himself—yet ministering aid  
 To all around him. By a mighty will  
 Living defiant of the wants that kill,  
 Because his death would seal his comrades' fate;  
 Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill  
 Those Polar waters, dark and desolate.  
 Equal to every trial, every fate,  
 He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,  
 Unlocks the icy gate,  
 And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,  
 To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore  
 Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold  
 From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state;  
 The knell of old formalities is tolled,  
 And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.  
 No grander episode doth chivalry hold  
 In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,  
 Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain,  
 Faithfully kept through hunger and through cold,  
 By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE!

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DISCOVERIES OF GALILEO.—*By Hon. Edward Everett.*

THERE are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon.

It was such another moment as that, when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that, when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that, when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.



Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right. "It DOES move." Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves, nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward, to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse have, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens;—like him, scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted!—in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

### OWED TO THE STEEM FIRE ENGINE.—By A. Stoic.

*Suggested by Seeing it Skwirt.*

GRATE ingine you have eradicated Fire machines  
Worked by human mussel—Grate ingine You  
skwirt on tops of houses where the flames  
Protrude, and you immediately eckstinguish.  
Grate Engine!—

Stupendoowus steam pump. You suck. You  
Draw up, and you skwirt water on the raging  
and devowring elament commonly knowne as  
Fire. And you suckseat in kwenching the aforesede.  
Stupendoowus Steem pump.

Mitey destroyer of ignited kumbustibuls when you  
Get to a sistern, you run your sucktions in.  
Your Enginear puts on adishional steem,  
And you proceed forthwith to darken down calighted matter.  
Mitey destroyer of ignited kombustibuls.

Grand ecksterminator of blaseing material. You  
Must feal prowde bekase you have plenty  
of water on hand and don't use  
Spiritous lickers—You don't work much  
Bekause you have nothing to do.

Grate exterminator of blaseing material!

Wonderful Infantile Water Works. You have  
Superseaded the laboring efforts of inde-  
viduals to perfect hand pumps. And you  
Now stand out in bass relievus to the enemy  
Of Flame. Because you always come out first best!

Wonderful Infantile Water Works!

Thou spreader of the akweous Fluid—You  
Know full well, your hundred ef feet of pipe in  
Your biler, big wheals, little walves,  
&c., are death to the old fire boys and  
useful to Insurance Companies.

Thou spreader of the akweous Fluid!

Steem Fire Engine—your useful. You  
use wood and koal—you make  
a big noise with your whistle, and  
You leave a streak of fire behind you  
in the streat. But steam Fire Engine your  
Useful. Your a—a trump—Go on—  
Go on Steam Fire Engine.

Go on—Grate old Skwirt!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—*By John G. Whittier.*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,  
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,  
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men haul'd down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window-pane and sash,  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd  
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag toss'd  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

### THE STUDENT.

"I have seen the pale student, bending over his written volume, or studying the exhaustless tomes of nature, until the springs of life were dried up, and—he died!"

"POOR FOOL!" the base and soulless worldling cries,  
"To waste his strength for naught,—to blanch his cheek,  
And bring pale Death upon him in his prime.  
Why did he not to pleasure give his days,—  
His nights to rest,—and live while live he might?"  
What is't to live? To breathe the vital air,  
Consume the fruits of earth, and doze away  
Existence? Never! this is living death,—  
'Tis brutish life,—base groveling. E'en the brutes  
Of nobler nature, live not lives like this.  
Shall man, then, formed to be creation's lord,  
Stamped with the impress of Divinity, and sealed  
With God's own signet, sink below the brute?  
Forbid it, Heaven! it can not, must not be!

Oh! when the mighty GOD from nothing brought  
This universe,—when at His word the light  
Burst forth,—the sun was set in heaven,—  
And earth was clothed in beauty; when the last,  
The noble work of all, from dust He framed  
Our bodies in His image,—when He placed  
Within its temple-shrine of clay, the soul,—  
The immortal soul,—infused by His own truth,  
Did He not show, 'tis this which gives to man  
His high prerogative? Why then declare  
That he who thinks less of his worthless frame,  
And lives a spirit, even in this world,  
Lives not as well,—lives not as long, as he  
Who drags out years of life, without one thought,—  
One hope,—one wish beyond the present hour?

How shall we measure life? Not by the years,—  
 The months,—the days,—the moments that we pass  
 On earth. By him whose soul is raised above  
 Base worldly things,—whose heart is fixed in Heaven,—  
 His life is measured by that soul's advance,—  
 Its cleansing from pollution and from sin,—  
 The enlargement of its powers,—the expanded field  
 Wherein it ranges,—till it glows and burns  
 With holy joys,—with high and heavenly hopes.

When in the silent night, all earth lies hushed  
 In slumber,—when the glorious stars shine out,  
 Each star a sun,—each sun a central light  
 Of some fair system, ever wheeling on  
 In one unbroken round,—and that again  
 Revolving round another sun,—while all  
 Suns, stars, and systems, proudly roll along,  
 In one majestic, ever-onward course,  
 In space uncircumscribed and limitless,—  
 Oh! think you then the undebased soul  
 Can calmly give itself to sleep,—to rest?

No! in the solemn stillness of the night,  
 It soars from earth,—it dwells in angels' homes,—  
 It hears the burning song,—the glowing chant,  
 That fills the sky-girt vaults of heaven with joy!  
 It pants, it sighs, to wing its flight from earth,  
 To join the heavenly choirs, and be with God.

And it is joy to muse the written page,  
 Whereon are stamped the gushings of the soul  
 Of genius;—where, in never-dying light,  
 It glows and flashes as the lightning's glare;  
 Or where it burns with ray more mild,—more sure,  
 And wins the soul, that half would turn away  
 From its more brilliant flashings. These are hours  
 Of holy joy,—of bliss, so pure, that earth  
 May hardly claim it. Let his lamp grow dim,  
 And flicker to extinction; let his cheek  
 Be pale as sculptured marble,—and his eye  
 Lose its bright lustre,—till his shrouded frame  
 Is laid in dust. Himself can never die!

His years, 'tis true, are few,—his life is long;  
 For he has gathered many a precious gem;  
 Enraptured, he has dwelt where master minds  
 Have poured their own deep musings,—and his heart  
 Has glowed with love to Him who framed us thus,—  
 Who placed within this worthless tegument  
 The spark of pure Divinity, which shines  
 With light unceasing.

Yes, his life is long,—  
 Long to the dull and loathsome epicures,—

Long to the slothful man's—the groveling herds  
Who scarcely know they have a soul within,—  
Long to all those who, creeping on to death,  
Meet in the grave, the earth-worm's banquet-hall,—  
And leave behind no monuments for good.

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THE TWO ROADS.—*By Richter.*

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out, in his anguish:—“O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!” But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. “Such,” he said, “were the days of my wasted life!” He saw a star shoot from Heaven, and vanish in darkness athwart the church-yard. “Behold an emblem of myself!” he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that Heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, “Come back, my early days! Come back!”

And his youth did return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"

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ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND, MARCH 7, 1862.

*By George H. Boker.*

"STAND to your guns, men!" Morris cried;  
Small need to pass the word;  
Our men at quarters ranged themselves  
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests:  
"What thing is that, I say?"

"A 'long-shore meeting-house adrift  
Is standing down the bay!"

A frown came over Morris' face;  
The strange, dark craft he knew:

"That is the iron Merrimac,  
Mann'd by a rebel crew.

"So shot your guns and point them straight:  
Before this day goes by,  
We'll try of what her metal's made."  
A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours  
Has seldom left its place;  
And where it falls, the deck it strikes  
Is cover'd with disgrace.

"I ask but this: or sink or swim,  
Or live or nobly die,  
My last sight upon earth may be  
To see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass  
Came moving o'er the wave,  
As gloomy as a passing hearse,  
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed ; from stem to stern  
No sign of life appear'd :  
We wonder'd, question'd, strain'd our eyes,  
Joked—every thing but fear'd.

She reach'd our range. Our broadside rang ;  
Our heavy pivots roar'd ;  
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,  
Against her side we pour'd.

God's mercy ! from her sloping roof  
The iron tempest glanced,  
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch,  
And round her leap'd and danced ;

Or when against her dusky hull  
We struck a fair, full blow,  
The mighty, solid iron globes  
Were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed,  
The silent monster came,  
Though all our starboard battery  
Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not ; no guns she fired ;  
Straight on our bows she bore ;  
Through riving plank and crashing frame  
Her furious way she tore.

Alas ! our beautiful, keen bow,  
That in the fiercest blast  
So gently folded back the seas,  
They hardly felt we pass'd !

Alas ! alas ! my Cumberland,  
That ne'er knew grief before,  
To be so gored, to feel so deep  
The tusk of that sea-boar !

Once more she backward drew apace ;  
Once more our side she rent,  
Then, in the wantonness of hate,  
Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,  
But our foeman lay abeam ;  
Her open port-holes madden'd us,  
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast ;  
We knew our time was brief :  
" Ho ! man the pumps ! " But they who work'd,  
And fought not, wept with grief.



"Oh! keep us but an hour afloat!  
Oh! give us only time  
To mete unto yon rebel crew  
The measure of their crime!"

From captain down to powder-boy,  
No hand was idle then:  
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,  
Fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,  
Some bold marine stepp'd out,  
And jerk'd his braided jacket off,  
And haul'd the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drown'd,  
And up from the sick-bay  
Crawl'd out the wounded, red with blood,  
And round us gasping lay;—

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,  
Struggling with failing breath  
To keep their shipmates at the post  
Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat and powder gone,  
The last broadside we gave  
From the guns' heated iron lips  
Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspikes—  
As men-of-war's men should—  
We placed within their proper racks,  
And at our quarters stood.

"Up to the spar deck! save yourselves!"  
Cried Selfridge. "Up, my men!  
God grant that some of us may live  
To fight yon ship again!"

We turn'd: we did not like to go;  
Yet staying seem'd but vain,  
Knee-deep in water; so we left;  
Some swore, some groan'd with pain.

We reach'd the deck. There Randall stood:  
"Another turn, men—so!"  
Calmly he aim'd his pivot gun:  
"Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear  
The song our pivot sang,  
As rushing on from wave to wave  
The whirring bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall leap'd upon the gun,  
And waved his cap in sport:  
"Well done! well aim'd! I saw that shell  
Go through an open port!"

It was our last, our deadliest shot;  
The deck was overflown;  
The poor ship stagger'd, lurch'd to port,  
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves,  
Our gallant vessel rush'd;  
A thousand gurgling watery sounds  
Around my senses gush'd.

Then I remember little more;  
One look to heaven I gave,  
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw  
Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer. I cannot say  
Whether I swam or sank;  
A blue mist closed around my eyes,  
And every thing was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,  
All dripping from the sea,  
With two great tears upon his cheeks,  
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood  
The wish I could not speak.  
He turn'd me. There, thank God! the flag  
Still flutter'd at the peak!

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,  
Oh, let that ensign fly!  
The noblest constellation set  
Against the northern sky,—

A sign that we who live may claim  
The peerage of the brave;  
A monument that needs no scroll,  
For those beneath the wave.

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.—*By Thomas Buchanan Read.*

UP from the South at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,

The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar,  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down;  
And there, through the flush of the morning's light  
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,  
Was seen to pass with eagle flight—  
As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with his utmost speed;  
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,  
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,  
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape fled away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.  
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;—  
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both;  
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;  
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,  
He seemed to the whole great army to say:  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!  
 And when their statues are placed on high  
 Under the dome of the Union sky,  
 The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,  
 There with the glorious General's name  
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright:  
 "Here is the steed that saved the day  
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

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COURTIN' IN THE COUNTRY.—*By H. Elliot McBride.*

\* ZEKIEL gets the "chores" done,  
 He feeds the hens and pigs,  
 Tends to the cows and calves,  
 Then he gets on his "rigs."  
 Young tow-heads around him  
 Shouting to the old 'un,  
 Saying they'll bet a cent  
 That Zeke's gettin on his Sunday  
 go-to-meetins just to go a holdin'.

† Zeke marches to the place;  
 He knocks and hears "Come in!"  
 They're all glad to see him,  
 They take his shawl and pin.  
 Zeke, after looking round,  
 Squats on the proffered seat;  
 He hasn't much to say,  
 Consequently he doesn't say much;  
 but all the time he keeps a lookin' at his feet.

The old gentleman talks  
 Of horses and the crops;  
 And the old lady asks  
 About his mother's hops.  
 She also friendly asks  
 What butter they have churned?  
 Zekiel gets uneasy,  
 And he mentally ejaculates;  
 "Hops, butter and things be derved!"

Old folks keep a talkin',  
 Crickets keep a buzzin',  
 Sally looks at Zekiel,  
 Zekiel keeps a fussin';  
 Sally thinks it's bedtime,  
 And Zekiel thinks so too;

And old folks seem tickled  
And keep a looking at each other,  
and then at Zekie and Sally, as if they knew a thing or two.

The old man pulls his boots  
And travels off to bed,  
The old lady's yawning  
And tying up her head.  
Zekiel's feeling tickled,  
Feeling kinder funny:  
He thinks the time has come  
For him to pop the question, get a wife, and commence a layin' up the money.

Now the old folks are gone,  
But Sal is still knittin';  
Zeke fidgets all around  
And steps on a kitten.  
She asks him why so mum?  
And Zekiel hems and haws:  
He gives an awful cough.  
Then he crosses his legs, then he uncrosses them,  
and then he says, "Because!"

Zekiel clears his throat,  
Then hitches up his chair;  
Sally looks slantin' like  
As if she didn't care.  
Zeke clears his throat again,  
Again hitches near;  
And Sal, the little pet,  
After knitting to the "middle of the needle," lays  
away her stocking and looks as if she wouldn't "skeer."

Zeke at once "pitched right in,"  
Flung his arms around her:  
Said that she must be his,  
She'd not get a sounder.  
Zeke kept a holdin' on  
And swore his fate he'd know;  
While Sal could but utter,  
"Zeke Jones, I'll tell you what it is, I can't stand  
it, and I won't let you hug me so!"

But Zeke vowed and declared,  
By all things good and bad,  
He never would "leave go,"  
Till an answer he had:  
He declared he loved her,  
And his love was growin';  
She modestly replied:  
"Zeke Jones, I would like mighty well to believe  
you; but I'm most awfully afraid you're blowin'!"

"I'll be dogged if I am!"  
Shouts Zekiel, all in joy;  
"Do you think I would lie—  
Think I'm a lyin' boy?  
Oh, won't you have me, Sal,  
I'll tell you what it is—  
If you won't have me Sal,  
I'll go right off to the wars, and some day there  
will a big cannon ball come along and take off my  
head cher biz!"

"Oh, yes, I'll have you Zeke,  
Can't let you go away;  
But, Zeke, you'll have to see  
What pa and ma will say."  
When Zeke this answer got,  
He trotted off "to hum,"  
And tickled was so much,  
He couldn't sleep a wink that night, without  
dreaming of the good time to come.

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EXTRACT FROM SENATOR BAKER'S SPEECH AT  
UNION SQUARE, N. Y., *April 20th*, 1861.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, what is this country? Is it the soil on which we tread? Is it the gathering of familiar faces? Is it our luxury, and pomp, and pride? Nay, more than these, is it power, and might, and majesty alone? No, our country is more, far more than all these. The country which demands our love, our courage, our devotion, our heart's blood, is more than all these. Our country is the history of our fathers—our country is the tradition of our mothers—our country is past renown—our country is present pride and power—our country is future hope and destiny—our country is greatness, glory, truth, constitutional liberty—above all, freedom forever! These are the watchwords under which we fight; and we will shout them out till the stars appear in the sky, in the stormiest hour of battle. Young men of New York—young men of the United States—you are told this is not to be a war of aggression. In one sense that is true; in another, not. We have committed aggression upon no man. In all the broad land, in their rebel nest, in their traitor's camp, no truthful man can rise and say that he has ever been disturbed, though it be but for a single moment, in life, liberty, estate, character, or honor. The day they began this unnatural, false, wicked, rebellious warfare, their lives were more secure, their property more secure, by us—not by themselves, but by

us—guarded far more securely than any people ever have had their lives and property secured from the beginning of the world. We have committed no oppression, have broken no compact, have exercised no unholy power; have been loyal, moderate, constitutional, and just. We are a majority of the Union, and we will govern our own Union, within our own Constitution, in our own way. We are all democrats. We are all republicans. We acknowledge the sovereignty of the people within the rule of the Constitution; and under that Constitution and beneath that flag, let traitors beware. I would meet them upon the threshold, and there, in the very State of their power, in the very atmosphere of their treason, I propose that the people of this Union dictate to these rebels the terms of peace. It may take thirty millions; it may take three hundred millions. What then? We have it. It may cost us seven thousand men; it may cost us seventy-five thousand men in battle; it may cost us seven hundred and fifty thousand men. What then? We have them. The blood of every loyal citizen of this Government is dear to me. My sons, my kinsmen, the young men who have grown up beneath my eye and beneath my care, they are all dear to me; but if the country's destiny, glory, tradition, greatness, freedom, government, written constitutional government—the only hope of a free people—demand it, let them all go.

Let no man underrate the dangers of this controversy. Civil war, for the best of reasons upon the one side, and the worst upon the other, is always dangerous to liberty—always fearful, always bloody; but, fellow-citizens, there are yet worse things than fear, than doubt and dread, and danger and blood. Dishonor is worse. Perpetual anarchy is worse. States forever commingling and forever severing are worse. Traitors and Secessionists are worse. To have star after star blotted out—to have stripe after stripe obscured—to have glory after glory dimmed—to have our women weep and our men blush for shame throughout generations to come—that and these are infinitely worse than blood. When we march, let us not march for revenge. As yet we have nothing to revenge. It is not much that where that tattered flag waved, guarded by seventy men against ten thousand; it is not much that starvation effected what an enemy could not compel. We have as yet something to punish, but nothing, or very little, to revenge. The President himself, a hero without knowing it—and I speak from knowledge, having known him from boyhood—the President says:—"There are wrongs to be redressed, already long enough endured." And we march to battle and to victory because we do not choose to endure this wrong any longer. They are wrongs not merely against us—not against you, Mr. President—not against me—but against our

sons and against our grandsons that surround us. They are wrongs against our Union; they are wrongs against our Constitution; they are wrongs against human hope and human freedom; and thus, if it be avenged, still, as Burke says: "It is a wild justice at last;" only thus we will revenge them. The national banners, leaning from ten thousand windows in your city to-day, proclaim your affection and reverence for the Union. You will gather in battalions

" Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,  
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms;"

and as you gather, every omen of present concord and ultimate peace will surround you. The ministers of religion, the priests of literature, the historians of the past, the illustrators of the present, capital, science, art, invention, discoveries, the works of genius—all these will attend us in our march, and we will conquer. And if, from the far Pacific, a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well-nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion and in such an audience, let me say, as my last word, that when, amid sheeted fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest upon a foreign soil for the honor of your flag, so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword, never yet dishonored—not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for Government, for Constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity; and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established.

THE FAMINE.—*By H. W. Longfellow.*

O THE long and dreary Winter!  
O the cold and cruel Winter!  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river;  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.  
Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,



Sought for bird or beast and found none,  
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,  
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!  
O the wasting of the famine!  
O the blasting of the fever!  
O the wailing of the children!  
O the anguish of the women!  
All the earth was sick and famish'd;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two other guests, as silent  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water;  
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
At the face of Laughing Water.  
And the foremost said: "Behold me!  
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"  
And the other said! "Behold me!  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"  
And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shudder'd as they look'd upon her,  
Shudder'd at the words they utter'd,  
Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning  
At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they utter'd.

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the madden'd Hiawatha;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness,  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not.  
Wrapp'd in furs and arm'd for hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the vast and vacant forest  
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty?"  
 Cried he with his face uplifted  
 In that bitter hour of anguish,  
 "Give your children food, O father!  
 Give us food, or we must perish!  
 Give me food for Minnehaha,  
 For my dying Minnehaha!"  
 Through the far-resounding forest,  
 Through the forest vast and vacant  
 Rang that cry of desolation,  
 But there came no other answer  
 Than the echo of his crying,  
 Than the echo of the woodlands,  
 "MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

All day long roved Hiawatha  
 In that melancholy forest,  
 Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
 In the pleasant days of Summer,  
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,  
 He had brought his young wife homeward  
 From the land of the Dacotahs;  
 When the birds sang in the thickets,  
 And the streamlets laugh'd and glisten'd,  
 And the air was full of fragrance,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Said with voice that did not tremble,  
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
 With those gloomy guests, that watch'd her,  
 With the Famine and the Fever,  
 She was lying, the Beloved,  
 She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,  
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
 "'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father  
 Standing lonely at his doorway,  
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
 In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
 "'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk  
 Glare upon me in the darkness,  
 I can feel his icy fingers  
 Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"  
 And the desolate Hiawatha,

Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
Under snow-encumber'd branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:  
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
Would that I had perish'd for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are!  
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"  
And he rush'd into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him  
Utter'd such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moan'd and shudder'd,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,  
On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet, that never  
More would lightly run to meet him,  
Never more would lightly follow.  
With both hands his face he cover'd,  
Seven long days and nights he sat there,  
As if in a swoon he sat there,  
Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;  
Clothed her in her richest garments;  
Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,  
Cover'd her with snow, like ermine:  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.  
And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,

Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;  
 From his sleepless bed uprising,  
 From the bed of Minnehaha,  
 Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,  
 That it might not be extinguish'd,  
 Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!  
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
 All my heart is buried with you,  
 All my thoughts go onward with you!  
 Come not back again to labor,  
 Come not back again to suffer,  
 Where the Famine and the Fever  
 Wear the heart and waste the body.  
 Soon my task will be completed,  
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
 To the Land of the Hereafter!"

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SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.—*By Bayard Taylor.*

AN old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,  
 He sought the Chief who led him, on many a field of fame—  
 The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,  
 And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,  
 "The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?  
 Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane?  
 'Tis true, I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief: "My brave old soldier, no!  
 And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;  
 But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old,  
     and gray,  
 And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,  
 "The very men who fought with us, they say are traitors now:  
 They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white, and  
     blue,  
 And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true."

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,  
 To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them, one by one.  
 Your Minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;  
 I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief,—*"God bless your loyal heart!*

But younger men are in the field, and claim to have a part;  
They'll plant our sacred banner firm, in each rebellious town,  
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,  
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;  
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I;  
So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!"

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command  
Put me upon the rampart with the flag-staff in my hand:  
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shell may fly,  
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!"

"I'm ready, General; so you let a post to me be given,  
Where Washington can look at me, as he looks down from  
Heaven,

And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, General Wayne,—  
'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane!"

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly,—  
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,  
If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,  
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place!"

### THE GHOST.

'Tis about twenty years since Abel Law,  
A short, round-favored, merry  
Old soldier of the Revolutionary  
War,  
Was wedded to  
A most abominable shrew.  
The temper, sir, of Shakspeare's Catharine  
Could no more be compared with hers,  
Than mine  
With Lucifer's.

Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh  
Face, like a cranberry marsh,  
All spread  
With spots of white and red;  
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,  
And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.  
The appellation of this lovely dame  
Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

Her brother David was a tall,  
Good-looking chap, and that was all;

One of your great, big nothings, as we say  
Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes  
And cracking them on other folks.  
Well, David undertook one night to play  
The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,  
He knew,  
Would be returning from a journey through  
A grove of forest wood  
That stood  
Below  
The house some distance,—half a mile, or so.

With a long taper  
Cap of white paper,  
Just made to cover  
A wig, nearly as large over  
As a corn-basket, and a sheet  
With both ends made to meet  
Across his breast,  
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed,)  
He took  
His station near  
A huge oak-tree,  
Whence he could overlook  
The road and see  
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel  
Had left the table  
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,  
With horse and wagon,  
To taste a flagon  
Of malt  
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,  
He went on,  
Caring no more for twenty ghosts,  
Than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting;  
His patience was abating;  
At length, he heard the careless tones  
Of his kinsman's voice,  
And then the noise  
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.  
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring  
With all his might, and pouring  
Out, in great confusion,  
Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution."

His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton;  
And jovially he went on,

Scaring the whip-po-wills among the trees  
With rhymes like these:—[Sings.]

“See the Yankees  
Leave the hill,  
With baggernetts declining,  
With lopped-down hats  
And rusty guns,  
And leather aprons shining.

“See the Yankees—Whoa! Why, what is that?”  
Said Abel, staring like a cat,  
As, slowly, on the fearful figure strode  
Into the middle of the road.

“My conscience! what a suit of clothes!  
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.  
Hallo! friend, what’s your name? by the powers of gin,  
That’s a strange dress to travel in.”  
“Be silent, Abel; for I now have come  
To read your doom;  
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.  
I am a spirit”—“I suppose you are;  
But you’ll not hurt me, and I’ll tell you why:  
Here is a fact which you can not deny;—  
All spirits must be either good  
Or bad,—that’s understood,—  
And be you good or evil, I am sure  
That I’m secure.  
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil,—  
And I don’t know but you may be the Devil,—  
If that’s the case, you’ll recollect, I fancy,  
That I am married to your sister Nancy!”

#### OPPORTUNITY FOR WORK.—*Geo. R. Russell.*

EXAMPLES of greatness and goodness before us, bid us work, and the changing present offers ample opportunity. Around us, everywhere, the new crowds aside the old. Improvement steps by seeming perfection. Discovery upsets theories and clouds over established systems. The usages of one generation become matters of tradition, for the amusement of the next. Innovation rises on the site of homes revered for early associations. Science can scarcely keep pace with the names of publications, qualifying or abrogating the past. Machinery becomes old iron, as its upstart successor usurps its place. The new ship dashes scornfully by the naval prodigy of last year, and the steamer laughs at them both. The railroad engine, as it rushes by the crumbling

banks of the canal, screams out its mockery at the barge rotting piecemeal. The astronomer builds up his hypothesis, and is comforting himself among the nebulae, when invention comes to the rescue; the gigantic telescope points upward, and lo! the raw material of which worlds are manufactured becomes the centres of systems blazing in the infinite heavens, and the defeated theorizer retreats into space, with his speculations, to be again routed, when human ingenuity shall admit us one hair-breadth further into creation.

There is no effort of science or art that may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy that cannot be deeper sounded; no flight of imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wing.

All nature is full of unknown things; earth, air, water, the fathomless ocean, the limitless sky, lie almost untouched before us. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction, has not been more open to others than to us; to no one, past or present, more than to the student going forth from the school-room to-morrow.

Let not, then, the young man sit with folded hands, calling on Hercules. Thine own arm is the demigod. It was given thee to help thyself. Go forth into the world trustful, but fearless. Exalt thine adopted calling or profession. Look on labor as honorable, and dignify the task before thee, whether it be in the study, office, counting-room, work-shop, or furrowed field. There is an equality in all, and the resolute will and pure heart may ennoble either.

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### THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To wed; or not to wed; that is the question :—  
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to suffer  
The slings and sorrows of that blind young archer;  
Or fly to arms against a host of troubles,  
And, at the altar, end them. To woo—to wed—  
No more; and by this step to say we end  
The heartache, and the thousand hopes and fears  
The single suffer—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To woo—to wed—  
To wed—perchance repent!—aye, there's the rub;  
For in that wedded state, what woes may come  
When we have launched upon that untried sea  
Must give us pause; there's the respect  
That makes celibacy of so long life;  
For who would bear the quips and jeers of friends,  
The husband's pity, and the coquette's scorn,



The vacant hearth, the solitary cell,  
The unshared sorrows and the void within,  
When he himself might his redemption gain  
With a fair damsel. Who would beauty shun  
To toil and plod over a barren heath;  
But that the dread of something yet beyond—  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No bachelor returns—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of!  
Thus forethought does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And numberless flirtations, long pursued,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry  
And lose the name of marriage.

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COLONEL HALPINE'S POEM, READ AT THE FOUND-  
ING OF THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

As men beneath some pang of grief,  
Or sudden joy will dumbly stand,  
Finding no words to give relief  
Clear, passion-warm, complete and brief  
To thoughts with which their souls expand,  
So here to-day, those trophies nigh,  
No fitting words our lips can reach;  
The hills around, the graves, the sky,  
The silent poem of the eye,  
Surpasses all the art of speech!

To-day a nation meets to build  
A nation's trophy to the dead,  
Who, living, formed her sword and shield,  
The arms she sadly learned to wield,  
When other hope of peace had fled;  
And not alone for those who be  
In honored graves before us blest,  
Shall our proud column broad and high,  
Climb upward to the blessing sky,  
But be for all a monument.

An emblem of our grief as well  
For others, as for these, we raise;  
For these beneath our feet who dwell,  
And all who in the good cause fell,  
On other fields in other frays.  
To all the self-same love we bear

Which here for marbled memory strives ;  
No soldier for a wreath would care,  
Which all true comrades might not share,  
Brothers in death as in their lives.

On southern hill-sides, parched and brown,  
In tangled swamps, on verdant ridge,  
Where pines and broadening oaks look down,  
And jasmine weaves its yellow crown,  
And trumpet creepers clothe the hedge,  
Along the shores of endless sand,  
Beneath the palms of Southern plains,  
Sleep everywhere, hand locked in hand,  
The brothers of the gallant band  
Who here poured life through throbbing veins.

Around the closing eyes of all,  
The same red glories glared and flew ;  
The hurrying flags, the bugle call,  
The whistle of the angry ball,  
The elbow-touch of comrade true,  
The skirmish fire, a spattering spray,  
The long sharp growl of fire by file,  
The thick'ning fury of the fray  
When opening batteries get in play,  
And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer,  
Red flashes through the gathering smoke,  
Swift orders, resonant and clear,  
Blithe cries from comrades, tried and dear  
The shell-scream and the sabre stroke,  
The volley fire, from left to right,  
From right to left, we hear it swell,  
The headlong charges, swift and bright,  
The thickening tumult of the fight,  
And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now closer, denser, grows the strife,  
And here we yield, and there we gain ;  
The air with hurtling missiles rife,  
Volley for volley, life for life ;  
No time to heed the cries of pain.  
Panting, as up the hills we charge,  
Or down them as we broken roll,  
Life never felt so high, so large,  
And never o'er so wide a range  
In triumph swept the kindling soul.

New raptures waken in the breast,  
Amid this hell of scene and sound,  
The barking batteries never rest,  
And broken foot, by horsemen pressed,

Still stubbornly contest their ground;  
 Fresh waves of battle rolling in,  
 To take the place of shattered waves;  
 Torn lines that grow more bent and thin,  
 A blinding cloud, a maddening din,  
 'Twas then we filled these very graves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Night falls at length with pitying veil,  
 A moonlit silence, deep and fresh.  
 These upturned faces, stained and pale,  
 Vainly the chill night dews assail;  
 Far colder than the dews their flesh.  
 And flickering far, through brush and wood,  
 Go searching parties, torch in hand.  
 Seize if you can some rest and food,  
 At dawn the fight will be renewed,  
 "Sleep on arms!" the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie  
 In line, these rough and weary men.  
 "Dead or but wounded?" then a sigh;  
 "No coffin either?" "Guess will try  
 To get those two guns back again."  
 "We've five flags to their one, oh!"  
 "That bridge! 'Twas not there as we passed;"  
 "The Colonel dead? It can't be so.  
 Wounded, badly, that I know,  
 But he kept saddle to the last."

"Be sure to send it if I fall;"  
 "Any tobacco? Bill, have you?"  
 "A brown-hair'd, blue-eyed, laughing doll;"  
 "Good-night, boys, and God keep you all."  
 "What, sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too."  
 "Aye, just about this hour they pray  
 For dad." "Stop talking, pass the word;"  
 And soon as quiet as the clay  
 Which thousands will but be next day,  
 The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! men, to whom this sketch, though rude,  
 Calls back some scene of pain and pride;  
 Oh! widow, hugging close your brood,  
 Oh! wife, with happiness renewed,  
 Since he again is at your side;  
 This trophy that to-day we raise  
 Should be a monument for all,  
 And on its side no niggard phrase  
 Confine a generous nation's praise  
 To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine  
 Still other monuments to raise;  
 Here for the dead we build a shrine,  
 And now to those who crippled pine  
 Let us give hope of happier days.  
 Let homes of those sad wrecks of war  
 Through all the land with speed arise;  
 They cry from every gaping scar,  
 "Let not our brother's tomb debar  
 The wounded living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,  
 A noble scene in which 'tis done,  
 The birth-day of our nationhood,  
 And here again the nation stood,  
 On this same day its life renown.  
 A bloom of banners in the air,  
 A double calm of sky and soul,  
 Triumphal chant and bugle blare,  
 And green fields spreading bright and fair,  
 As Heavenward our hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed,  
 The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb;  
 Passed as some horror we have dreamed,  
 The fiery meteors that here streamed,  
 Threat'ning within our homes to come.  
 Again our banner floats abroad,  
 Gone the one stain that on it fell;  
 And bettered by his chast'ning rod,  
 With streaming eyes uplift to God,  
 We say, "He doeth all things well."

CRIME ITS OWN DETECTOR.—*By D. Webster.*

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere—certainly none in our New England history. An aged man, without an

enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butchery murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet—the first sound slumbers of the night hold him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poignard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! the deed is done! He retreats—retraces his steps to the window, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe; "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself—or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself—it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human

heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master;—it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

#### ARTEMUS WARD'S TRIP TO RICHMOND.

It's putty plane to my mind that we earnt tu have Peas as long as the fife goes on. Not much. The sympathizin' Demos promist that these rebellion shoold be over as soon as they was 'lected, an' they air doin' all in thar power to get it over—all over the North. You cood stick more loyalty in a chicken's ear than sich men possess.

The other day I 'pinted myself a committee ov the Whole to go to Richmond an' see ef I coodent convins J. Davis ov the error of his ways, and persuade him to jine the Young Men's Christian Association. Sumthin' must soon be did to have the War stopt, or by the time it's ended the Northern Sympathizers will have no Southern Brethren, or no Constitution, or no Declaration of Injypendence, or no nothing, or anything else. None. Whar cood we procoor G. Washingtons, J. Quincy Jeffersons, Thomas Adamases, and etsettery, to make another Constitution and so 4th—the larst especially? Echo ansers—Whar? That's why the Blacks air taken sich good care ov that instrooment—which reminds me ov a little incident, as A. L. obsarves.

But, I am goin' to tell you about me trip to the Capitol ov the Southern Conthieveracy. It was a bootiful mornin' that I started; nary a cloud obskewered the Orb ov Day, and I rove at the Secesh lines, when a dirty looking Confed. called me "Halt," and pinted a bagonet at me. He arst me who I was, an' whar I was gone.

"My friendly ruff," sez I, "I've just bin up North stealin things an' sich for Jeff. Me an' him air ole pals."

He left me pars.

After traveling a spell, I obsarved a ole house by the road-side, & feelin' faint and thirsty, I entered. The only family I found at home was a likely lookin' young femail gal, whose Johnny had gone for a solger. She was a weepin' bitterly.

"Me putty rose-bud," sez I, "why dost thou weep?"

She made nary answer, but weepeded on. I placed me hand onto her hed, brusht back the snowy ringlets from her pale brow, an' kis—an' passyified her.

"What cawsed them tears, fare maid?" I arskt again.

"Why," sez she, "brother John promist 2 bring me home some Yankee boans to make jewelry, but he had to go an' git kild, & now I won't get ary Boan, an'—O, it's 2 bad—boo-hoo-oo-o!"

Yes, it was muchly 2 bad—and more too. A woman's tears brings the undersined, an' for the time bein' I was a rebel sympathizer.

"Enny Fathers?"

"Only one. But he's ded. Mother went over to see Unkle Reub."

"Was John a putty good brother?"

"Yes, John was O so kind. His was the only breast I had to repose these weary head onto."

I pitied the maid, and hinted that she might repose her weary head on my Shirt front—an' she reposed. And I was her Brother John for a while, as it were.

Ere we parted, I arskt for a draught of water to squeneh me thirst, an' the damsel tript gaily out of the door to procure it. As she was gone a considirable period, I lookt out the winder and saw her hoppin' briskly 4th, accompanied by 2 seecesh cusses, who war armed to the teeth. I begin to smell as many as two mouses. The "putty dear" had discovered I was a Yankee, an' was goin' to hev me taken prisoner. I frustrated her plans a few—I leapt out the back winder as quick as a Prestidiguretaterandisch, an' when she entered the domicil, she found "brother John" non ester, (which is Latin or sumthin',) and be4 I had proceeded much I found me Timerepeter non ester too. The fare maid, who was Floyd's Neace, had hookt it while reposin' on me weskit. It was a hunky watch—a family hair-loom, an' I woodn't have parted with it fer a dollar & sixty-nine cents (\$1.69).

In doo corse ov mail I arrov in Richmon. I unfolded me mission, and was ushered into J. Davis's orgust presents. But the result was not as soothing to weak nerves as my hart could wish, and I returned to Washington, disgustid with all peas measures. The sympathizers may do their own dirt-eatin' in the footer, as they hev done in the parst. Good-by! Adoo! Farewell!

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.—*By Mrs. Norton.*

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's  
tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;  
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd  
around

To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.  
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:  
But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;  
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,  
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and  
wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to  
shine,

On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,  
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant  
tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;  
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and  
mine,)

For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,  
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her  
eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—  
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest  
mourning;

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen  
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)



I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seem'd to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;  
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly  
talk

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,  
And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine:  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—  
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sigh'd and ceased to speak:  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—  
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down  
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;  
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

#### OUR DEFENDERS.—*By T. Buchanan Read.*

OUR flag on the land and our flag on the ocean,

An angel of peace wheresoever it goes:

Nobly sustain'd by Columbia's devotion,

The angel of death it shall be to our foes!

True to its native sky

Still shall our eagle fly,

Casting his sentinel glances afar;

Though bearing the olive-branch,

Still in his talons staunch

Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Hark to the sound! There's a foe on our border,—

A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom;

Freemen are rising and marching in order,

Leaving the plough and the anvil and loom.

Rust dims the harvest-sheen

Of scythe and of sickle keen;

The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it would mar;

Veteran and youth are out,

Swelling the battle-shout,

Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Our brave mountain eagles swoop from their eyrie,

Our lithe panthers leap from forest and plain;

Out of the West flash the flames of the prairie,

Out of the East roll the waves of the main.

Down from their Northern shores,  
 Swift as Niagara pours,  
 They march, and their tread wakes the earth with its jar;  
 Under the Stripes and Stars,  
 Each with the soul of Mars,  
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Spite of the sword or assassin's stiletto,  
 While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,  
 The oak of the North, or the Southern palmetto,  
 Shall shelter no foe except in the grave!  
 While the Gulf billow breaks,  
 Echoing the Northern lakes,  
 And ocean replies unto ocean afar,  
 Yield we no inch of land  
 While there's a patriot hand  
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

#### HEZEKIAH STUBBINS' ORATION, *July 4th.*

FELLER-CITIZENS of Pine Holler: Fourth of July's come, and we've come to meet him. Here we are, with our cannon, and muskets, and fire-crackers, and squibs, ready to kick up a rusty, or pitch slam-bang into any feller that's got a word to say agin our forefathers, that fit, bled, and died for liberty. (Why don't you cheer me?)

Feller-Citizens: In the name of the martyrs of liberty, who fell supportin' the declaration on the bloody fields of Trafalgar; in the names of Franklin, Washington, and Bonyparte, who, hand in hand, fit the bloody British lion at Monterey; in the name of the mighty eagle himself, who now flaps his wings on the top-rail of creation, I tell you something's got to be did. (Cheer me agin.)

You've got to look at the clock-work of this glorious Union, and see if there ain't a peg out—a jint loose, or the cogs don't want greasin'. You've got to overhaul the conductors you've put on the Union Smoky-lotive, and see if they hain't been playin hob with the machinery, or cabbagin the funds. You've got to git rid of them pesky fellers who don't know nothin, and yit go round makin election speeches, and tryin to bust the glorious Union; and you've got to elect us fellers, that have got larnin, and knows how to protect your rights. (That's the place to cheer me agin.)

Feller-Citizens: If we've got to stan every thing these lyin scamps keep tellin us 'bout how uncommon patriotic they are, and what big hearts they have, and how they love liberty, and what a splurge they'll make, and what a rumpus they'll

kick up when they get to Congress, and what partikelar fits they'll give the rich monopolers who won't vote for 'em, and what nice things they'll do for us honest, hard-fisted fellows, if we'll only elect 'em; and then, when we put 'em through, can't see us over their shirt collars, and don't even know as such beings as Hezekiah Stubbins, or Enoch Grimes, or Jedediah Spewkins, live upon the face of the airth; if such things are going to be did, what's the use of having Fourth of July's. (Cheer me agin.)

What's the use of firin cannon,  
Shooting crackers, burnin squibs,  
If there has to be a man on  
Every stump a tellin fibs.  
Must the heroes of Pine Holler  
Hear to all the pizen snakes  
Try their best to make 'em swaller  
'Bout the value of the stakes?  
Louder than the rattlin thunder,  
Swifter than the lightnin's flash,  
Say, We'll never nuckle under,  
Or believe their pesky trash.  
Yes, sir! Tell them nation fellers,  
Preachin 'bout the Union dear,  
If they want to keep their smellers  
Out of danger, keep from here.

(Now cheer me agin.)

Feller-Citizens: Such doins ain't to be stood; and, if you don't want them mean, chicken-hearted fellers to bring this country to perdition, let every man, boy and yelper, give a shout for Stubbins, liberty, and the dear Union, that shall rouse the bloody British lion from his lair, and send him howlin o'er the sandy plains of Popocatepete; while the Russian Bear shall be so skeered, that, sneakin like a whipped spaniel, he shall throw himself kerwhollop into the gulf of 'blivion; and the glorious American Eagle, hearin the rumpus, and flappin his wings o'er the universal Yankee nation, that stretches from the Bay of Biscay to Californy, shall thunder out Stubbins! Fourth of July! and Yankee Doodledum forever! (*Scene closes with three cheers.*)

## SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.

*Edward Everett.*

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.—*By Theodore Tilton.*

TOLL! Roland, toll!  
 In old St. Bavon's tower,  
 At midnight hour,  
 The great bell Roland spoke!  
 All souls that slept in Ghent awoke!  
 What meant the thunder-stroke?  
 Why trembled wife and maid?  
 Why caught each man his blade?  
 Why echoed every street  
 With tramp of thronging feet?  
     All flying to the city's wall!  
     It was the warning call  
 That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!  
 And even timid hearts grew bold  
 Whenever Roland tolled,  
 And every hand a sword could hold!  
     So acted men  
     Like patriots then  
 Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!  
 Bell never yet was hung,  
 Between whose lips there swung  
 So grand a tongue!  
     If men be patriots still,  
     At thy first sound  
     True hearts will bound,  
     Great souls will thrill!  
 Then toll and strike the test  
 Through each man's breast,  
 Till loyal hearts shall stand confest,—  
 And may God's wrath smite all the rest!

Toll! Roland, toll!  
 Not now in old St. Bavon's tower—  
 Not now at midnight hour—  
 Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee—  
     But here,—this side the sea!—  
     Toll here, in broad, bright day!—  
     For not by night awaits  
     A noble foe without the gates,  
 But perjured friends within betray,  
 And do the deed at noon!  
     Toll! Roland, toll!  
     Thy sound is not too soon!  
 To arms! Ring out the leader's call!  
 Re-echo it from East to West  
 Till every hero's breast  
 Shall swell beneath a soldier's crest!

Toll! Roland, toll!  
 Till cottager from cottage wall  
 Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun!  
 The sire bequeathed them to the son  
 When only half their work was done!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!  
 Till swords from scabbards leap!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!  
 What tears can widows weep  
 Less bitter than when brave men fall!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!  
 In shadowed hut and hall  
 Shall lie the soldier's pall,  
 And hearts shall break while graves are filled!  
 Amen! so God hath willed!  
 And may His grace anoint us all!

Toll! Roland, toll!  
 The Dragon on thy tower  
 Stands sentry to this hour,  
 And Freedom so stands safe in Ghent,  
 And merrier bells now ring,  
 And in the land's serene content,  
 Men shout, "God save the King!"  
 Until the skies are rent!  
 So let it be!  
 A kingly king is he  
 Who keeps his people free!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!  
 Ring out across the sea!  
 No longer They, but We,  
 Have now such need of thee!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!  
 Nor ever may thy throat  
 Keep dumb its warning note,  
 Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!  
 Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,  
 Shall shadow not a man enslaved!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!  
 From northern lake to southern strand!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!  
 Till friend and foe, at thy command,  
 Once more shall clasp each other's hand,  
 And shout, one-voiced, "God save the land!"  
 And love the land that God hath saved!  
 Toll! Roland, toll!

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.—*By Addison.*

It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well!—  
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—  
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue;  
 And that which He delights in must be happy.  
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.

*[Laying his hand on his sword.]*

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
 This in a moment brings me to my end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

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 MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

“THAT’S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I’m very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He does not look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he’d have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I am alive, if it isn’t Saint Swithin’s day! Do you hear it against the

windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it? Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No! they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And, when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence?—two-and-eightpence, for there and back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will, and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's a foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But, what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course.

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt, quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn't often that I step over the



threshold ; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But, when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Ugh, that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

“Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die I'll do it. No, sir, I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

“Ha! and it was only last week I had a nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

“Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

“I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella!

“You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

“And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

“The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school: mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: I didn't lend the umbrella. Caudle, are you asleep? (A loud snore is heard.) Oh, what a brute a man is! Oh, dear, dear, d-e-a-r!”

ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS.—*By Rev. Jacob M. Manning.*

SOLDIERS from the army and navy, once soldiers but now again citizens, we hail you to-day as our benefactors and deliverers. We welcome you home from the fatigues of the march, the wearisome camp, and the awful ecstacy of battle. Through four terrible years you have looked without quailing on the ghastly visage of war. You have patiently borne the heats of summer and the frosts of winter. You have cheerfully exchanged the delights of home for the hardships of the campaign or blockade. Not only the armed foe, but the wasting malaria has lurked along your resistless advance. You know the agony and the transport of the deadly encounter. How many times, standing each man at his post in the long line of gleaming sabres and bayonets, every hand clenched and every eye distended, you have caught the peal of your leader's clarion, and sprung through the iron storm to the embrace of victory! But all that has passed away. The mangled forests are putting on an unwonted verdure, the fields once blackened by the fiery breath of war are now covered with their softest bloom, and the vessels of commerce are riding on all the national waters.

The carnage, the groans, the cries for succor, the fierce onset and sullen recoil, the thunders of the artillery, and the missiles screaming like demons in the air, have given way to pæans, civic processions and songs of thanksgiving. The flag of your country, so often rent and torn in your grasp, and which you have borne to triumph again and again, over the quaking earth or through the hurricane of death in river and bay, rolls out its peaceful folds above you, every star blazing with the glory of your deeds, in token of a nation's gratitude. We come forth to greet you—sires and matrons, young men and maidens, children and those bowed with age; to own the vast debt which we can never pay, and to say, from full hearts, we thank you, God bless you!

But while we thus address you, you are thinking of the fallen. With a soldier's generosity you wish they could be here to share in the hard-earned welcome. Possibly they are here from many a grave in which you laid them after the strife; pleased with these festivities, and with the return of joy to the nation, but far above any ability of ours either to bless or to injure. You may tarnish your laurels, or an envious hand may pluck them from you. But your fallen comrades are exposed to no such accident. They are doubly fortunate, for the same event which crowned them with honor has placed them beyond the possibility of losing their crown. Many of them died in the darkest hours of the republic; others in the early dawn of peace, while the morning stars

were singing together. But victory and defeat make no differences among them now. They have all conquered in the final triumph. Their names will thrill the coming ages, as they are spoken by the tongues of the eloquent; and their deeds will forever be chanted by immortal minstrels. They were together "brave men, who repose in the public monuments, all of whom alike, as being worthy of the same honor, the country buried, not alone the successful or victorious; any justly, for the duty of brave men done by all, their fortune being such as God assigned to each."

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall a while repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

#### THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—By Howard Glyndon.

THE days of June were nearly done;  
The fields, with plenty overrun,  
Were ripening 'neath the harvest sun,  
In fruitful Pennsylvania!

Sang birds and children, "All is well!"  
When, sudden, over hill and dell,  
The gloom of coming battle fell  
On peaceful Pennsylvania!

Through Maryland's historic land,  
With boastful tongue, and spoiling hand,  
They burst—a fierce and famished band—  
Right into Pennsylvania!

In Cumberland's romantic vale  
Was heard the plundered farmer's wail,  
And every mother's cheek was pale  
In blooming Pennsylvania!

With taunt and jeer, and shout and song,  
Through rustic towns they passed along—  
A confident and braggart throng—  
Through frightened Pennsylvania!

The tidings startled hill and glen;  
Up sprang our hardy Northern men,  
And there was speedy travel then,  
All into Pennsylvania!

The foe laughed out in open scorn ;  
For "Union men were coward-born,"  
And then—they wanted all the corn  
That grew in Pennsylvania!

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It was the languid hour of noon,  
When all the birds were out of tune,  
And nature in a sultry swoon,  
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

When, sudden o'er the slumbering plain,  
Red flashed the battle's fiery rain ;  
The volleying cannon shook again  
The hills of Pennsylvania!

Beneath that curse of iron hail,  
That threshed the plain with flashing flail,  
Well might the stoutest soldier quail,  
In echoing Pennsylvania!

Then, like a sudden summer rain,  
Storm-driven o'er the darkened plain,  
They burst upon our ranks and main,  
In startled Pennsylvania!

We felt the old ancestral thrill,  
From sire to son transmitted still,  
And fought for Freedom with a will,  
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

The breathless shock—the maddened toil—  
The sudden clinch—the sharp recoil—  
And we were masters of the soil,  
In bloody Pennsylvania!

To westward fell the beaten foe ;  
The growl of battle, hoarse and low,  
Was heard anon, but dying slow,  
In ransomed Pennsylvania!

Sou'-westward, with the sinking sun,  
The cloud of battle, dense and dun,  
Flashed into fire—and all was won  
In joyful Pennsylvania!

But ah! the heaps of loyal slain!  
The bloody toil! the bitter pain!  
For those who shall not stand again  
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

Back, through the verdant valley lands,  
Fast fled the foe, in frightened bands,  
With broken swords, and empty hands,  
Out of fair Pennsylvania!

THE SOLILOQUY OF ARNOLD.—*By Rev. Edward C. Jones.*

When he was invested with the command of West Point by Washington, General Arnold entered into a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, and agreed that he would make a disposition of his forces which would enable the British general to surprise the post under such circumstances that the garrison must either lay down their arms, or be cut to pieces.

THE plan is fixed ; I fluctuate no more  
Betwixt despair and hope. As leaves the shore  
The hardy mariner, though adverse fate  
May merge his bark, or cast him desolate  
Upon a savage coast, so, wrought at last  
Up to a frenzied purpose, I have passed  
The Rubicon. Farewell my old renown !  
Here I breathe mildew on my warrior crown ;  
Here honor parts from me, and base deceit  
Steps to the usurper's throne ; I cannot meet  
The withering censure of the rebel band,  
And, therefore, to the strong I yield this heart and hand.

What else befits me ? I have misapplied  
The nation's funds, and ever gratified  
Each vaulting wish, tho' Justice wept the deed ;  
And here, beneath the load of pressing need,  
I must have gold. How else the clamorous cry  
Of creditors appease, and satisfy  
Demands which haunt me more than dreams of blood,  
And claims which chill more than Canadian flood ?  
Stay ? My accounts betray the swindler's mark.  
Go ? And my path, though smooth, like Tartarus is dark.

These rocky ridges, how they shelve on high,  
Each a stern sentinel in majesty.  
Yes, 'tis your own Gibraltar, Washington !  
And must the strong hold of his hope be won ?  
Won ? Twenty thousand scarcely could invest  
That sure defence, which o'er the river's breast  
Casts a gigantic shadow ; but my plan  
Dispenses with the formidable van,  
And Clinton may my garrison surprise,  
With few sulphureous clouds to blot these azure skies.

And yet a pang comes over me—I see  
Myself at Saratoga ; full and free  
Goes up the peal of noble-hearted men ;  
Among the wounded am I numbered then,  
And my outgushing feelings cling to those  
Who perilled all to face their country's foes.  
Ah ! when that wound a soldier's pride increased,  
And gratulation scarce its pæan ceased,

I thought not then, oh, God! the stamp of shame  
Would stand imprinted thus upon my hard-earned fame.

Avaunt, compunction! Conscience, to the wind!  
Gold, gold I need—gold must Sir Henry find!  
A rankling grudge is mine, for why not I  
Commander of their forces? To the sky  
Ever goes up the péal for Washington.  
Is he a god, Virginia's favored son?  
Why should the incense fume for evermore?  
Must he my skill, my prowess shadow o'er?  
Ere this autumnal moon has filled its horn,  
His honors must be nipp'd, his rising glories shorn.

Ah! he securely rests upon my faith!  
Securely, when the spectre dims his path!  
How unsuspecting has he ever been;  
Above the false, the sinister, the mean!  
But hold such eulogy—I will not praise;  
Mine is the task to tarnish all his bays.  
West Point, thy rocky ridges seem to say,  
Be firm as granite, crown the work to-day,  
Blot Saratoga, hearth and home abjure,  
Andre I meet again—the gold I must secure.

ODE TO MY LITTLE SON.—*Thomas Hood.*

THOU happy, happy elf!  
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear,)  
Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
With spirits feather light,  
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,  
(Dear me! the child is swallowing a pin!)  
Thou little, tricky duck!  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents!—(Drat the boy!  
There goes my ink!)  
Thou cherub—but of earth;  
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth,  
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
 From every blossom in the world that blows,  
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,  
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)  
     Thy father's pride and hope!  
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)  
 With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,—  
 (Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!  
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)  
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!  
 (Are those torn clothes his best?)  
 Little epitome of man!  
 (He'll climb upon the table—that's his plan!)  
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,  
 (He's got a knife!)  
 Thou enviable being!  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
 Play on, play on,  
 My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)  
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
     With many a lamb-like frisk,  
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)  
     Thou pretty opening rose!  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)  
 Balmy and breathing music like the south,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,  
 (I'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

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UNJUST NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS.—*Thomas Corwin.*

MR. PRESIDENT, the uneasy desire to augment our territory has depraved the moral sense and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which Time has written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains, as eternal, the cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor anything which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mex-

ico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment.

I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz.

Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no—far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of Democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death.

But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation, spread abroad over the land; and, finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution: she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her impotent neighbor.

Mr. PRESIDENT, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine cannot fail, in all unjust acquisitions of territory, to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing, in characters of flame, on the front of His throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion.



France was too small,—Europe he thought should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his soul, he too becomes powerless. His *Terminus* must recede too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia, He who holds the winds in His fist, gathered the snows of the North, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They fled,—they froze,—they perished.

And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, he, too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet any thing which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now, finally, a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena,—and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, there is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his annexations have come to that! His last hour is now at hand; and he, the man of destiny, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still,—even as the beggar, so he died.

On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room," at last. And France, she too has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They have returned home, to their old *aërie*, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees.

So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave, with insolent triumph, in the halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them: but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call down against you a Power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes!

### THE RAVEN.—*Edgar A. Poe.*

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.  
"Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wish'd the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,  
 Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;  
 That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide the door:  
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering,  
 fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream  
 before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word,  
 "Lenore!"  
 This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word, "LENORE!"  
 Mcrely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.  
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;  
 Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—  
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—  
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd  
 he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door,—  
 Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—  
 Perched and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure  
 no craven;  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly  
 shore,  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvel'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;  
 For we can not help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber-door—  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore !"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he flutter'd—  
 Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown  
 before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore !"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
 Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,—  
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,  
 Of—Never—nevermore !"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust,  
 and door.

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore !"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
 She shall press—ah ! nevermore !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
 censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he  
 hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !  
 Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore !"

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !  
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,  
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I implore !"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore !"

"Prophet?" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,  
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd,  
upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the  
floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

NO GOD.—*By N. K. Richardson.*

Is there no God? The white rose made reply,  
My ermine robe was woven in the sky.  
The blue-bird warbled from his shady bower,  
My plumage fell from hands that made the flower,

Is there no God? The silvery ocean spray  
At the vile question startles in dismay;  
And, tossing mad against earth's impious clod,  
Impatient thunders—yes, there is a God!

Is there no God? The greedy worm that raves  
In sportive glee amid the gloom of graves,  
Proves a Divinity supremely good,  
For daily morsels sent of flesh and blood.

Is there no God? The dying Christian's hand  
Pale with disease points to a better land;  
And ere his body mingles with the sod,  
He, sweetly smiling, faintly murmurs—God.

No God! Who broke the shackles from the slave?  
Who gave this bleeding nation power to save

Its Flag and Union in the hour of gloom,  
And lay Rebellion's spirit in the tomb?

We publish God! The towering mountains cry,  
Jehovah's name is blazoned on the sky!  
The dancing streamlet and the golden grain,  
The lightning gleam, the thunder and the rain;—

The dew-drop diamond on the lilies' breast,  
The tender leaf by every breeze caressed;  
The shell, whose pearly bosom ocean laves,  
And sea-weed bowing to a troop of waves.

The glow of Venus and the glare of Mars,  
The tranquil beauty of the lesser stars;  
The Eagle, soaring in majestic flight,  
The morning bursting from the clouds of night.

The child's fond prattle and the mother's prayer,  
Angelic voices floating upon air—  
Mind, heart, and soul, the ever-restless breath,  
And all the myriad-mysteries of death.

Beware ye doubting disbelieving throng,  
Whose sole ambition is to favor wrong;  
There is a God; remember while ye can,  
"His Spirit will not always strive with man."

### MY LORD TOMNODDY.—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;  
It was half after two,  
He had nothing to do,  
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim  
Was clean of limb,  
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;  
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,  
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;  
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,  
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;  
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,  
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,  
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,  
"Malibran's dead,  
Duvernay's fled,  
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,  
What may a nobleman find to do?"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,  
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,  
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;  
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,  
He let go the handle, and thus he said,  
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:  
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,  
"Run to M'Fuze,  
And Lieutenant Tregooze,  
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.  
Rope-dancers a score  
I've seen before—

Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more:  
But to see a man swing  
At the end of a string,  
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—  
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;  
Through street, and through square,  
His high-trotting mare,  
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air,  
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place  
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;  
She produced some alarm,  
But did no great harm,  
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,  
Spattering with clay  
Two urchins at play,  
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—  
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,  
And upsetting a stall  
Near Exeter Hall,  
Which made all the pious Church-mission folks squall,  
But eastward afar,  
Through Temple Bar,  
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;  
Never heeding their squalls,  
Or their calls, or their bawls,  
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,  
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,  
Turns down the Old Bailey,  
Where in front of the gaol, he  
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily  
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,  
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark midnight—  
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are met ;

The tables are set ;

There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," "heavy wet,"

Ale-glasses and jugs,

And rummers and mugs,

And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,

Cold fowl and cigars,

Pickled onions in jars,

Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws,—

And very large lobsters, with very large claws ;

And there is M'Fuze,

And Lieutenant Tregooze,

And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,

All come to see a man "die in his shoes !"

The clock strikes One !

Supper is done,

And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,

Singing "Jolly companions every one !"

My Lord Tomnoddy

Is drinking gin-toddy,

And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.—

The clock strikes Two ! and the clock strikes Three !

—"Who so merry, so merry as we ?"

Save Captain M'Fuze,

Who is taking a snooze,

While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,

Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four !—

Round the debtors' door

Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more ;

As many await

At the press-yard gate,

Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight

The mob divides, and between their ranks

A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five !

The Sheriffs arrive,

And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive ;

But Sir Carnaby Jenks

Blinks, and winks,

A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.

Lieutenant Tregooze

Is dreaming of Jews,

And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse ;

My Lord Tomnoddy

Has drunk all his toddy,

And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,

The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,  
     With roseate streaks,  
 Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;  
 Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky  
 Smiled upon all things far and nigh,  
 On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die.  
 Alack! that ever so fair a Sun  
 As that which its course has now begun,  
 Should rise on such a scene of misery!—  
 Should gild with rays so light and free  
 That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;  
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—  
 List to that low funereal bell:  
 It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!—  
 And see!—from forth that opening door  
 They come—He steps that threshold o'er  
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more!  
 —God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see  
 That pale wan man's mute agony,—  
 The glare of that wild, despairing eye,  
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,  
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,  
 The path of the Spirit's unknown career;  
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er  
 Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;  
 That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!  
 The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—  
 For weal or for woe is known but to One!—  
 —Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!  
 A deed to shudder at,—not to see.  
 Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!  
 The hour is past;—with its earliest chime  
 The chord is severed, the lifeless clay  
 By “dungeon villains” is borne away:  
 Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!  
 And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!  
 And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,  
 And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:  
 And they stared at each other, as much as to say  
     “Hollo! Hollo!  
     Here's a rum Go!  
 Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!  
 The fellow's been cut down and taken away!—  
     What's to be done?  
     We've missed all the fun!—  
 Why they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,  
 We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!”

What was to be done?—'twas perfectly plain:  
 That they could not well hang the man over again:



What was to be done?—The man was dead!  
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;  
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

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THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.—*Rufus Choate.*

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever re-awaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty, and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life! Yes; others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired by all;—but him we love; him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes; when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of

patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated ;

“Where may the wearied eye repose,  
When gazing on the great ;  
Where neither guilty glory glows  
Nor despicable state ?  
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom Envy dared not hate,  
Bequeathed the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one.”

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BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—*By Hood.*

ONE more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;—  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments,  
Clinging like cerements ;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful ;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammy ;

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings were changed;  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak winds of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it,—think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care;  
 Fashion'd so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair!  
 Ere her limbs frigidly  
 Stiffen so rigidly,  
 Decently,—kindly,—  
 Smooth and compose them,  
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
 Through muddy impurity,  
 As when with the daring  
 Last look of despairing  
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
 Spurred by contumely,  
 Cold inhumanity,  
 Burning insanity,  
 Into her rest,—  
 Cross her hands humbly,  
 As if praying dumbly,  
 Over her breast!  
 Owning her weakness,  
 Her evil behaviour,  
 And leaving with meekness,  
 Her sins to her Saviour!

### THE WOOD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

*By Delia R. German.*

THE ripe red berries of the wintergreen  
 Lure me to pause a while  
 In this deep, tangled wood. I stop and lean  
 Down where these wild flowers smile,  
 And rest me in this shade; for many a mile,  
 Through lane and dusty street,  
 I've walked with weary, weary feet;  
 And now I tarry 'mid this woodland scene,  
 'Mong ferns and mosses sweet.

Here all around me blows  
 The pale primrose.  
 I wonder if the gentle blossom knows  
 The feeling at my heart—the solemn grief  
 So whelming and so deep  
 That it disdains relief,  
 And will not let me weep.

I wonder that the woodbine thrives and grows,  
And is indifferent to the nation's woes.  
For while these mornings shine, these blossoms bloom,  
Impious rebellion wraps the land in gloom.

Nature, thou art unkind,  
Unsympathizing, blind!  
Yon lichen, clinging to th' o'erhanging rock,  
Is happy, and each blade of grass,  
O'er which unconsciously I pass,  
Smiles in my face, and seems to mock  
Me with its joy. Alas! I cannot find  
One charm in bounteous nature, while the wind  
That blows upon my cheek bears on each gust  
The groans of my poor country, bleeding in the dust.

The air is musical with notes  
That gush from winged warblers' throats,  
And in the leafy trees  
I hear the drowsy hum of bees.  
Prone from the blinding sky  
Dance rainbow-tinted sunbeams, thick with motes,  
Daisies are shining, and the butterfly  
Wavers from flower to flower; yet in this wood  
The ruthless foeman stood,  
And every turf is drenched with human blood.

O heartless flowers!  
O trees, clad in your robes of glistening sheen,  
Put off this canopy of gorgeous green!  
These are the hours  
For mourning, not for gladness. While this smart  
Of treason dire gashes the Nation's heart,  
Let birds refuse to sing,  
And flowers to bloom upon the lap of spring.  
Let Nature's face itself with tears o'erflow,  
In deepest anguish for a people's woe.

While rank rebellion stands  
With blood of martyrs on his impious hands;  
While slavery, and chains,  
And cruelty, and direst hate,  
Uplift their heads within th' afflicted state,  
And freeze the blood in every patriot's veins,—  
Let these old woodlands fair  
Grow black with gloom, and from its thunder-lair  
Let lightning leap, and scorch th' accursed air,  
Until the suffering earth,  
Of treason sick, shall spew the monster forth,  
And each regenerate sod  
Be consecrate anew to Freedom and to God!

## THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of three-score mingled girls and boys;  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent.  
The while the master's downward look  
Was fastened on a copy-book:  
When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!  
As 'twere a battery of bliss  
Let off in one tremendous kiss!  
"What's that?" the startled master cries;  
"That, thir," a little imp replies,  
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"  
With frown to make a statue thrill,  
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"  
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,  
With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came—  
A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
The butt of all good-natured fun.  
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed  
That you, my biggest pupil, should  
Be guilty of an act so rude!  
Before the whole set school to boot—  
What evil genius put you to't?"  
"Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,  
"I did not mean to be so bad;  
But when Susannah shook her curls,  
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,  
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,  
But up and kissed her on the spot!  
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,  
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—  
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

EXTRACT FROM HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON'S  
SPEECH AT UNION SQUARE, N. Y., *April 20, 1861.*

WE are called upon to act. There is no time for hesitation or indecision—no time for haste and excitement. It is a time when the people should rise in the majesty of their might, stretch forth their strong arm and silence the angry waves of tumult. It is time the people should command peace. It is a question between union and anarchy—between law and disorder. All politics for the time being are and should be committed to the resurrection of the grave. The question should be, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but the country."

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

We should go forward in a manner becoming a great people. But six months since, the material elements of our country were never greater. To-day, by the fiat of madness, we are plunged in distress and threatened with political ruin, anarchy and annihilation. It becomes us to stay the hands of this spirit of disunion. While I would prosecute this war in a manner becoming a civilized and a Christian people, I would do so in no vindictive spirit. I would do it as Brutus set the signet to the death-warrant of his son—"Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free." I love my country; I love this Union. It was the first vision of my early years; it is the last ambition of my public life. Upon its altar I have surrendered my choicest hopes. I had fondly hoped that in approaching age it was to beguile my solitary hours, and I will stand by it as long as there is a Union to stand by; and when the ship of the Union shall crack and groan, when the skies lower and threaten, when the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, the storms beat and the waves run mountain-high, if the ship of State goes down, and the Union perishes, I would rather perish with it than survive its destruction.

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THE BELLS.—*Edgar A. Poe.*

HEAR the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.  
  
 Hear the mellow wedding-bells,  
 Golden bells!  
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
 Through the balmy air of night  
 How they ring out their delight!  
 From the molten-golden notes,  
 And all in tune,  
 What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
 On the moon!  
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
 How it swells!  
 How it dwells  
 On the Future! how it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!  
  
 Hear the loud alarum bells—  
 Brazen bells!  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
 In the startled ear of night  
 How they scream out their affright!  
 Too much horrified to speak,  
 They can only shriek, shriek,  
 Out of tune,  
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire  
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
 With a desperate desire,  
 And a resolute endeavor,  
 Now—now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
 What a tale their terror tells  
 Of despair!  
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
 What a horror they outpour



On the bosom of the palpitating air !  
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,  
 By the twanging  
 And the clanging,  
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;  
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
 In the jangling  
 And the wrangling,  
 How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—  
 Of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
 Iron bells !  
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !  
 In the silence of the night,  
 How we shiver with affright  
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !  
 For every sound that floats  
 From the rust within their throats  
 Is a groan.  
 And the people—ah, the people—  
 They that dwell up in the steeple,  
 All alone,  
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
 In that muffled monotone,  
 Feel a glory in so rolling  
 On the human heart a stone—  
 They are neither man nor woman—  
 They are neither brute nor human—  
 They are Ghouls :  
 And their king it is who tolls ;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,  
 A pæan from the bells !  
 And his merry bosom swells  
 With the pæan of the bells !  
 And he dances and he yells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the pæan of the bells—  
 Of the bells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the throbbing of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 To the sobbing of the bells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the rolling of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells—  
 To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—  
 Bells, bells, bells,  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

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WOUNDED.—*By Rev. William E. Miller.*

LET me lie down  
 Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,  
 Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see  
 The surge of the combat, and where I may hear  
 The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:  
 Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!  
 Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;  
 The tempest,—its fury and thunder were there:  
 On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,  
 With the foe under foot, and our flag overhead:  
 Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,  
 Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,  
 With this shot-shatter'd head and sabre-pierced breast?  
 Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,  
 Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,  
 Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!  
 Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,  
 Through without faltering,—clear through with a yell!  
 Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,  
 Like heroes we dash'd, at the mandate of doom!  
 Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!  
 Some things are worthless, and some others so good  
 That nations who buy them pay only in blood.  
 For Freedom and Union each man owes his part;  
 And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart:  
 It is duty.

Dying at last!  
 My mother, dear mother! with meek tearful eye,  
 Farewell! and God bless you, for ever and aye!  
 Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast,  
 To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest!  
 Dying at last!

I am no saint ;

But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins,  
 "Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins :"  
 Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then  
 I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, "Amen !"

Ah ! I'm no saint !

Hark ! there's a shout !

Raise me up, comrades ! We have conquer'd, I know !—

Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe !

Ah ! there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,

The promise of glory, the symbol of right !

Well may they shout !

I'm muster'd out.

O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,

And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong

O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-redden'd sod

I die for the nation, the Union, and God !

I'm muster'd out.

### THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A FARMER once to London went,

To pay the worthy squire his rent.

He comes, he knocks ; soon entrance gains,—

Who at the door such guest detains ?

Forth struts the squire, exceeding smart—

"Farmer, you're welcome to my heart ;

You've brought my rent, then, to a hair !

The best of tenants, I declare !"

The steward's called, the accounts made even ;—

The money paid, the receipt was given.

"Well," said the squire, "now, you shall stay,

And dine with me, old friend, to-day ;

I've here some ladies, wondrous pretty,

And pleasant sparks, too, who will fit ye."

Hob scratched his ears, and held his hat,

And said—"No, zur ; two words to that ;

For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze to dine

With gentlefolks, zo cruel fine,

I'ze use to make,—and 'tis no wonder,—

In word or deed, some plag'y blunder

Zo, if your honor will permit,

I'll with your zarvants pick a bit."

"Poh !" says the squire, "it sha'n't be done ;"

And to the parlor pushed him on.

To all around he nods and scrapes ;

Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes ;

With often bidding, takes his seat,  
 But at a distance mighty great.  
 Though often asked to draw his chair,  
 He nods, nor comes an inch more near.  
 By madame served, with body bended,  
 With knife and fork and arms extended,  
 He reached as far as he was able  
 To plate, that overhangs the table ;  
 With little morsels cheats his chops,  
 And in the passage some he drops.  
 To show where most his heart inclined,  
 He talked and drank to John behind.  
 When drank to, in a modish way,  
 "Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say :  
 And, to be thought a man of manners,  
 Still rose to make his awkward honors.  
 "Tush !" says the squire ; "pray keep your sitting !"  
 "No, no," he cries, "zur, 'tis not fitting :  
 Though I'm no scholar, versed in letters,  
 I knows my duty to my betters."  
 Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,  
 And hearty laughs went round the board.  
 Thus, the first course was ended well  
 But at the next—ah ! what befell ?  
 The dishes were now timely placed,  
 And table with fresh lux'ry graced.  
 When drank to by a neighboring charmer,  
 Up, as usual, starts the farmer.  
 A wag, to carry on the joke,  
 Thus to his servant softly spoke :—  
 "Come hither, Dick ; step gently there,  
 And pull away the farmer's chair."  
 'Tis done ; his congee made, the clown  
 Draws back, and stoops to sit him down ;  
 But, by posteriors overweighed,  
 And of his trusty seat betrayed,  
 As men, at twigs, in rivers sprawling,  
 He caught the cloth to save his falling ;  
 In vain !—sad fortune ! down he wallowed,  
 And, rattling, all the dishes followed :  
 The fops soon lost their little wits ;  
 The ladies squalled—some fell in fits ;  
 Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,  
 And there, minced pies, and geese, and pigeons ;  
 Lord ! what a do 'twixt belles and beaux !—  
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes !  
 This lady raves, and that looks down,  
 And weeps, and wails her spattered gown.  
 One spark bemoans his greased waistcoat,  
 One—"Rot him ! he has spoiled my laced-coat !"  
 Amidst the rout, the farmer long  
 Some pudding sucked, and held his tongue ;

At length, rubs his eyes, nostrils twang,  
 Then snaps his fingers, and thus began :  
 "Plague tak't! I'ze tell you how'd 'twould be ;  
 Look! here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see."  
 "Peace, brute, begone!" the ladies cry ;  
 The beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!"  
 "I'll tear his eyes out!" squeaks Miss Dolly ;  
 "I'll pink his soul out!" roars a bully.  
 At this the farmer shrinks with fear,  
 And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,  
 Runs off, and cries, "Ay, kill me, then,  
 Whene'er you catch me here again!"

THE OATH.—*By Thomas Buchanan Read.*

*"Hamlet.*—Swear on my sword.

*Ghost (below).*—Swear!"—SHAKESPEARE.

YE freemen, how long will ye stifle  
 The vengeance that justice inspires?  
 With treason how long will ye trifle  
 And shame the proud names of your sires?  
 Out, out with the sword and the rifle,  
 In defence of your homes and your fires!  
 The flag of the old Revolution  
 Swear firmly to serve and uphold,  
 That no treasonous breath of pollution  
 Shall tarnish one star on its fold.  
 Swear!  
 And hark! the deep voices replying  
 From graves where your fathers are lying,  
 "Swear! Oh, swear!"

In this moment, who hesitates, barters  
 The rights which his forefathers won;  
 He forfeits all claim to the charters  
 Transmitted from sire to son.  
 Kneel, kneel at the graves of our martyrs,  
 And swear on your sword and your gun;  
 Lay up your great oath on an altar  
 As huge and as strong as Stonehenge,  
 And then, with sword, fire, and halter,  
 Sweep down to the field of revenge,  
 Swear!  
 And hark! the deep voices replying  
 From graves where your fathers are lying,  
 "Swear! Oh, swear!"

By the tombs of your sires and brothers,  
 The host which the traitors have slain  
 By the tears of your sisters and mothers,  
 In secret concealing their pain ;  
 The grief which the heroine smothers  
 Consuming the heart and the brain ;  
 By the sigh of the penniless widow,  
 By the sob of our orphans' despair,  
 Where they sit in their sorrowful shadow,  
 Kneel, kneel, every freeman, and swear !  
 Swear !

And hark ! the deep voices replying  
 From graves where your fathers are lying,  
 "Swear ! Oh, swear !"

On mounds which are wet with the weeping  
 Where a nation has bow'd to the sod,  
 Where the noblest of martyrs are sleeping,  
 Let the wind bear your vengeance abroad,  
 And your firm oaths be held in the keeping  
 Of your patriot hearts, and your God ;  
 Over Ellsworth, for whom the first tear rose,  
 While to Baker and Lyon you look,  
 By Winthrop, a star among heroes,  
 By the blood of our murder'd McCook,  
 Swear !

And hark ! the deep voices replying  
 From graves where your fathers are lying,  
 "Swear ! Oh, swear !"

### THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.—*By Colton.*

OLD IRONSIDES at anchor lay,  
 In the harbor of Mahon ;  
 A dead calm rested on the bay,—  
 The waves to sleep had gone ;  
 When little Hal, the Captain's son,  
 A lad both brave and good,  
 In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,  
 And on the main truck stood !

A shudder shot through every vein,—  
 All eyes were turned on high !  
 There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,  
 Between the sea and sky ;  
 No hold had he above, below ;  
 Alone he stood in air :  
 To that far height none dared to go,—  
 No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak !  
With horror all aghast,—  
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,  
We watched the quivering mast.  
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,  
And of a lurid hue;—  
As riveted unto the spot,  
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck:—he gasped,  
“O, God ! thy will be done !”  
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,  
And aimed it at his son.  
“Jump, far out, boy, into the wave !  
Jump, or I fire,” he said ;  
“That only chance your life can save ;  
Jump, jump, boy !” He obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—  
And for the ship struck out.  
On board we hailed the lad beloved,  
With many a manly shout.  
His father drew, in silent joy,  
Those wet arms round his neck,  
And folded to his heart his boy,—  
Then fainted on the deck.

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### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,  
He turned them into the river-lane ;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace ;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go :  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,—

Across the clover and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;  
He went for the cows when the work was done;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swang in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew;—

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

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#### THE CONFESSION.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THERE's somewhat on my breast, father,  
There's somewhat on my breast!  
The live-long day I sigh, father,  
At night I can not rest;  
I can not take my rest, father,  
Though I would fain do so,  
A weary weight oppresseth me,—  
The weary weight of woe!



'Tis not the lack of gold, father,  
 Nor lack of worldly gear;  
 My lands are broad and fair to see,  
 My friends are kind and dear;  
 My kin are leal and true, father,  
 They mourn to see my grief,  
 But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand  
 Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,  
 'Tis not that she's unkind;  
 Though busy flatterers swarm around,  
 I know her constant mind.  
 'Tis not the coldness of her heart  
 That chills my laboring breast,—  
*It's that confounded cucumber*  
*I ate, and can't digest!*

### DAMON AND PYTHIAS; OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

*William Peter.*

"HERE, guards!" pale with fear, Dionysius, cries,  
 "Here guards, yon intruder arrest!  
 'Tis Damon—but ha! speak, what means this disguise?  
 And the dagger which gleams in thy vest?"  
 "'Twas to free," says the youth, "this dear land from its chains!"  
 "Free the land! wretched fool, thou shalt die for thy pains."

"I am ready to die—I ask not to live,—  
 Yet three days of respite, perhaps thou may'st give,  
 For to-morrow, my sister will wed,  
 And 'twould damp all her joy, were her brother not there;  
 Then let me, I pray, to her nuptials repair,  
 While a friend remains here in my stead."

With a sneer on his brow, and a curse in his breast,  
 "Thou shalt have," cries the tyrant, "shalt have thy request;  
 To thy sister repair, and her nuptials attend,  
 Enjoy thy three days, but—mark well what I say—  
 Return on the third; if, beyond that fixed day,  
 There be but one hour's, but one moment's delay,  
 That delay shall be death to thy friend!"

Then to Pythias he went; and he told him his case;  
 That true friend answered not, but, with instant embrace,  
 Consenting, rushed forth to be bound in his room;  
 And now, as if winged with new life from above,  
 To his sister he flew, did his errand of love,  
 And, ere a third morning had brightened the grove,  
 Was returning with joy to his doom.

But the heavens interpose,  
Stern the tempest arose,  
And when the poor pilgrim arrived at the shore,  
Swoll'n to torrents, the rills  
Rushed in foam from the hills,  
And crash went the bridge in the whirlpool's wild roar.

Wildly gazing, despairing, half frenzied he stood;  
Dark, dark were the skies, and dark was the flood,  
And still darker his lorn heart's emotion;  
And he shouted for aid, but no aid was at hand,  
No boat ventured forth from the surf-ridden strand,  
And the waves sprang, like woods, o'er the lessening land,  
And the stream was becoming an ocean.

Now with knees low to earth, and with hands to the skies,  
"Still the storm, God of might, God of mercy!" he cries—  
"O, hush with Thy breath this loud sea;  
The hours hurry by,—the sun glows on high;  
And should he go down, and I reach not yon town,  
My friend—he must perish for me!"

Yet the wrath of the torrent still went on increasing,  
And waves upon waves still dissolved without ceasing,  
And hour after hour hurried on;  
Then by anguish impelled, hope and fear alike o'er,  
He, reckless, rushed into the water's deep roar;  
Rose—sunk—struggled on—till, at length, the wished shore,—  
Thanks to Heaven's outstretched hand—it is won!

But new perils await him; scarce 'scaped from the flood  
And intent on redeeming each moment's delay,  
As onward he sped, lo! from out a dark wood,  
A band of fierce robbers encompassed his way.  
"What would ye?" he cried, "save my life, I have nought;"  
"Nay, that is the king's."—Then swift having caught  
A club from the nearest, and swinging it round  
With might more than man's, he laid three on the ground,  
While the rest hurried off in dismay.

But the noon's scorching flame  
Soon shoots through his frame,  
And he turns, faint and way-worn, to Heaven with a sigh—  
"From the flood and the foe,  
Thou'st redeemed me, and oh!  
Thus, by thirst overcome, must I effortless lie,  
And leave him, the beloved of my bosom, to die?"

Scarce uttered the word,  
When startled he heard  
Purling sounds, sweet as silver's, fall fresh on his ear;  
And lo! a small rill  
Trickled down from the hill!  
He heard, and he saw, and, with joy drawing near,  
Laved his limbs, slaked his thirst, and renewed his career.

And now the sun's beams through the deep boughs are glowing,  
 And rock, tree, and mountain, their shadows are throwing,  
 Huge and grim, o'er the meadow's bright bloom;  
 And two travelers are seen coming forth on their way,  
 And just as they pass, he hears one of them say—  
 "Tis the hour that was fixed for his doom!"

Still anguish gives strength to his wavering flight;  
 On he speeds; and lo! now in eve's reddening light  
 The domes of far Syracuse blend;—  
 There Philostratus meets him, (a servant grown gray  
 In his house,) crying, "Back! not a moment's delay  
 No cares can avail for thy friend.

"No; nothing can save his dear head from the tomb;  
 So think of preserving thy own.  
 Myself, I beheld him led forth to his doom;  
 Ere this his brave spirit has flown!  
 With confident soul he stood, hour after hour,  
 Thy return never doubting to see;  
 No sneers of the tyrant that faith could o'erpower,  
 Or shake his assurance in thee!"

"And is it too late? and can not I save  
 His dear life? then, at least, let me share in his grave.  
 Yes, death shall unite us! no tyrant shall say,  
 That friend to his friend proved untrue; he may slay,—  
 May torture,—may mock at all mercy and ruth,  
 But ne'er shall he doubt of our friendship and truth."

'Tis sunset: and Damon arrives at the gate,  
 Sees the scaffold and multitudes gazing below;  
 Already the victim is bared for his fate,  
 Already the deathsman stands armed for the blow;  
 When hark! a wild voice which is echoed around,  
 "Stay!—'tis I—it is Damon, for whom he was bound!"

And now they sink in each other's embrace,  
 And are weeping for joy and despair;  
 Not a soul, among thousands, but melts at their case;  
 Which swift to the monarch they bear;  
 Even he, too, is moved—feels for once as he ought—  
 And commands, that they both to his throne shall be brought.

Then,—alternately gazing on each gallant youth,  
 With looks of awe, wonder, and shame;—  
 "Ye have conquered!" he cries, "yes, I see now that truth,—  
 That friendship is not a mere name.  
 Go;—you're free; but, while life's dearest blessings you prove,  
 Let one prayer of your monarch be heard,  
 That—his past sins forgot—in this union of love,  
 And of virtue—you make him the third."

## ADVICE TO A FIRE COMPANY.

It having been announced to me, my young friends, that you were about forming a fire-company, I have called you together to give you such directions as long experience in a first-quality engine company qualifies me to communicate. The moment you hear an alarm of fire, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way, except the right way,—for the furthest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on the top of a wood-pile, so much the better, you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks on your view, “break” for it immediately; but be sure you don’t jump into a bow window. Keep yelling, all the time; and, if you can’t make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling, too; ’twill help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a “powerful auxiliary.” When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or, if you can’t do that, perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump-handle and pound it down. Don’t forget to yell, all the while, as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. The louder the better, of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity, the greater necessity for “doing it brown.” Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man “smoke” that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit-trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don’t forget to yell! Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse—he’ll be alive and kicking; and if his legs don’t do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs;—let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next, cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and, if that don’t stop the flames, let the chair-boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the “devouring element” still pursue the “even tenor of its way,” you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers, and tumble out the tumblers. Yell all the time!

If you find a baby abed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way; but let the kitten carefully down in a work-basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers, and empty their contents out of the back window; telling somebody below to upset the slop-barrel and rain-water hogs-head at the same time. Of course, you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown, the more pieces will

be made. If anybody objects, smash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story; the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life. Set it straddle of your shoulders, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed clothes carefully on the floor, and throw the crockery out of the window. By the time you will have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building be burnt down. In either case, your services will be no longer needed; and, of course, you require no further directions.

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### GLORIOUS NEW ENGLAND.—*S. S. Prentiss.*

GLORIOUS New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and far away in the horizon of thy past gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birth-place, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our home-sick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every state of the broad republic! In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood; how shall it be separated?—who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the

noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption: so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

But no! the Union cannot be dissolved; its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development.

And when, a century hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns;—when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen;—when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade;—then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the north, stand up on the banks of the Great River, and exclaim, with mingled pride and wonder,—Lo! this is our country;—when did the world ever behold so rich and magnificent a city—so great and glorious a republic!

#### THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.—*By Colman.*

A MEMBER of the *Æsculapian* line lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne: no man could better gild a pill, or make a bill, or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister; or draw a tooth out of your head; or chatter scandal by your bed; or spread a plaster. His fame full six miles round the country ran; in short, in reputation he was *solus*: all the old women called him “a fine man!” His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade (which oftentimes will genius fetter), read works of fancy, it is said, and cultivated the “belles lettres.” Bolus loved verse; and took so much delight in’t, all his prescriptions he resolved to write in’t. No opportunity he e’er let pass of writing the directions on his labels in dapper couplets, like Gay’s Fables, or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

He had a patient lying at death’s door, some three miles from the town,—it might be four,—to whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article—in pharmacy that’s called cathartical: and on the label of the stuff he wrote this verse, which one would think was clear enough, and terse,—

“When taken,  
To be well shaken.”

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Next morning early Bolus rose, and to the patient's house he goes, upon his pad, who a vile trick of stumbling had; but he arrived, and gave a tap, between a single and a double rap. The servant lets him in, with dismal face, long as a courtier's out of place,—portending some disaster. John's countenance as rueful looked and grim, as if the apothecary had physicked him, and not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said. John shook his head. "Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!—He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.—"Well? how? what then?—speak out, you dunce!" "Why then," says John, "we shook him once."—"Shook him! how? how?" friend Bolus stammered out.—"We jolted him about."

"What! shake the patient, man!—why, that won't do." "No, sir," quoth John, "and so we gave him two." "Two shakes! O, luckless verse! 'T would make the patient worse!" "It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."—"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master—died!"

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street;

The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.  
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,  
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.  
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,  
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.  
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,  
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,  
And the thin, thin tattered mantle the wind blows every way,  
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom,—  
There are parents sitting snugly by firelight in the room;  
And children with grave faces are whispering one another  
Of presents for the new year, for father or for mother.  
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak,  
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her: ah me! that there should be,  
With so much happiness on earth, so much of misery!  
Sure they of many blessings should scatter blessings round,  
As laden boughs in autumn fling their ripe fruits to the ground.  
And the best love man can offer to the God of love, be sure,  
Is kindness to his little ones, and bounty to his poor.  
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes coldly on her way;  
There's no one looketh out at her, there's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate ; no smile, no food, no fire,  
 But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.  
 So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,  
 And she curlleth up beneath her, for warmth, her little feet ;  
 And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,  
 And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.  
 She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a far church tower,  
 With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used to tell,  
 And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell ;  
 Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,  
 Who was cradled in a manger, when winter was most wild ;  
 Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone ;  
 And she thought the song had told he was ever with his own ;  
 And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones are his,—  
 "How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this!"

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,  
 For the pressure at her heart, and the weight upon her brow ;  
 But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,  
 That she might look around her, and see if He were there.  
 The single match has kindled, and by the light it threw  
 It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two ;  
 And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,  
 With heaps of goodly viands, red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what they did  
 say,

Then all was darkness once again, the match had burned away.  
 She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see  
 Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas tree.  
 The branches were all laden with things that children prize,  
 Bright gifts for boy and maiden—she saw them with her eyes.  
 And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome  
 shout,

When darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried—they will not light ;  
 Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her might :  
 And the whole miserable place was lighted with the glare,  
 And she dreamed there stood a little child before her in the air.  
 There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his  
 side,

And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide.  
 And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known  
 Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas tree,  
 Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with  
 me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,  
 And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's  
 hymn:



And she folded both her thin white hands, and turned from that  
bright board,  
And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee, O  
Lord!"

The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies  
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garment, with her back against the wall,  
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.

They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered as they said,  
"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin ;

Men said, "It was a bitter night ; would no one let her in ?"

And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed. They could  
not see

How much of happiness there was after that misery.

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### ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"MOVE my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,  
In the sunshine bright and strong,  
For this world is fading, Pompey—  
Massa won't be with you long ;  
And I fain would hear the south wind  
Bring once more the sound to me  
Of the wavelets softly breaking  
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,  
As they still the story tell,  
How no vessels float the banner  
That I've loved so long and well,  
I shall listen to their music,  
Dreaming that again I see  
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop,  
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting  
For death's last despatch to come,  
If that exiled starry banner  
Should come proudly sailing home,  
You shall greet it, slave no longer—  
Voice and hand shall both be free  
That shout and point to Union colors,  
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey ;  
But ole darcy's happy here,  
Where he's tended corn and cotton  
For 'ese many a long-gone year.

Over yonder Missis sleeping—  
No one tends her grave like me;  
Mebbe she would miss the flowers  
She used to love in Tennessee.

"Pears like she was watching, Massa,  
If Pompey should beside him stay;  
Mebbe she'd remember better  
How for him she used to pray;  
Telling him that way up yonder  
White as snow his soul would be,  
If he served the Lord of heaven  
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling  
Down the poor old dusky face,  
As he stepped behind his master,  
In his long-accustomed place.  
Then a silence fell around them,  
As they gazed on rock and tree,  
Pictured in the placid waters  
Of the rolling Tennessee;—

Master, dreaming of the battle  
Where he fought by Marion's side,  
When he bid the haughty Tarleton  
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;  
Man, remembering how yon sleeper  
Once he held upon his knee,  
Ere she loved the gallant soldier;  
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers  
'Mid the veteran's silvery hair;  
Still the bondman, close beside him,  
Stands behind the old arm-chair.  
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,  
Shading eyes, he bends to see  
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,  
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows  
Glide from tree to mountain crest,  
Softly creeping, aye and ever,  
To the river's yielding breast.  
Ha! above the foliage yonder  
Something flutters wild and free!

"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!  
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,  
Help me stand on foot once more,  
That I may salute the colors  
As they pass my cabin door.

Here's the paper signed that frees you ;  
Give a freeman's shout with me—  
'God and Union !' be our watchword  
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,  
And the limbs refused to stand ;  
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier  
Glided to that better land.  
When the flag went down the river,  
Man and master both were free,  
While the ring-dove's note was mingled  
With the rippling Tennessee.

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### SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

YE call me chief ; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported ; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra ; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was ; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse,—the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling ! To-day I killed a man in the arena ; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold ! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled

faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

## A MODEST WIT.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East—  
Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—  
A governor, or general, at the least,  
I have forgotten which—  
Had in his family a humble youth,  
Who went from England in his patron's suite,  
An unassuming boy, and in truth  
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;  
But yet, with all his sense,  
Excessive diffidence  
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,  
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,  
Conceived it would be vastly fine  
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,  
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—  
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,  
"And in his time was reckon'd good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,  
Instead of teaching you to sew!  
Pray, why did not your father make  
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,  
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.  
At length Modestus, bowing low,  
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),  
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know  
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! by heaven, that's too bad!  
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?  
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—  
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"  
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,  
"Pray, why did not your father make  
A gentleman of you?"

HAIL! TO THE VETERANS.—*By N. K. Richardson.*

Written on the reception of General Meade and his brave soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, in Philadelphia, June, 1865.

WELCOME them, cheer them, crown them with flowers!  
Flags flutter out from your lofty towers!  
Maidens throw smiles to them, skies look bright,  
They are tramping home from a gory fight!  
Be frantic O earth with tumultuous glee,  
Till your joyous notes strike the distant sea,  
Then ocean will tremble, his billows arise,  
In crystal and foam to the glad blue skies,  
And from martyr-spirits enshrined above  
Waft to heroes below, consolation and love!  
Trumpets of brass with a constant bray,  
And ringing bells, shall be merry to-day,  
As they peal and roar,—welcome home from the fray!

Fragrant breath of the leafy June,  
Carol of birds in their sweetest tune;  
Branches swaying and bending low,  
Glistening waters in jubilant flow,  
Heaven and earth, ocean and air,  
All things beautiful, all things fair,  
Join us to-day in happy accord,  
At the homeward march of the hosts of the Lord!  
Trumpets of brass with a constant bray,  
And ringing bells, shall be merry to-day,  
As they peal and roar,—welcome home from the fray!

Thundering cannon with heated throats,  
Shall greet their companions in swelling notes!  
Belching and booming o'er land and sea,  
Proclaiming to Tyrants the home of the Free!  
Oh! Glory to God for this blissful hour!  
For the steady rise of the nation's power!  
Having met the foe, it was not well  
They should come, until slavery writhed in hell!  
Trumpets of brass with a constant bray,  
And ringing bells, shall be merry to-day,  
As they peal and roar,—welcome home from the fray!

Beautiful children, your dimpled hands,  
Must throw kisses to those at whose commands  
Your country, cemented in blood, shall be  
The temple of ALL who delight to be free!  
Spring arches triumphal o'er every street;  
Place the rose-leaf and laurel 'neath weary feet!  
Oh! be kind to them, cherish them, nurse them with care,  
With din of a welcome blend music of prayer;

That souls ripe for heaven in glad review,  
May pass us to-day in the Union Blue!  
Trumpets of brass with a constant bray,  
And ringing bells, shall be merry to-day,  
As they peal and roar,—welcome home from the fray!

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### HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

*Shakspeare.*

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;—to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.—*Shakspeare.*

To be—or not to be—that is the question !  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them. To die—to sleep ;—  
 No more ? and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to ? 'Tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd ! To die—to sleep :  
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ! Ay ; there's the rub ;  
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause !

There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life ;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ?

Who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life ;  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

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“ALL WE ASK IS TO BE LET ALONE.”—*By H. H. Brownell.*

As vonce I valked by a dismal swamp,  
 There sot an old cove in the dark and damp,  
 And at everybody as passed that road  
 A stick or a stone this old cove throwed.  
 And venever he flung his stick or his stone,  
 He'd set up a song of “Let me alone.”



"Let me alone, for I loves to shy  
 These bits of things at the passers-by;  
 Let me alone, for I've got your tin,  
 And lots of other traps snugly in;  
 Let me alone—I am rigging a boat  
 To grab votever you've got afloat;  
 In a week or so I expects to come,  
 And turn you out of your ouse and ome;  
 I'm a quiet old cove," says he, with a groan;  
 "All I axes, is Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vay,  
 Another old cove, and began for to say:  
 "Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!  
 You've ben let alone—a blamed sight too long!  
 Of all the sarce that ever I heerd!  
 Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered.)  
 Let go that stone! If you once show fight,  
 I'll knock you higher than any kite."

"You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,  
 And cure you of shying them stones and sticks;  
 And I'll have my hardware back, and my cast  
 And knock your scow into tarnal smash;  
 And if ever I catches you round my ranch,  
 I'll string you up to the nearest branch.  
 The best you can do is to go to bed,  
 And keep a decent tongue in your head;  
 For I reckon, before you and I are done,  
 You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The old cove stopped, and the other old cove,  
 He sat quite still in his cypress grove,  
 And he looked at his stick, revolvin' slow,  
 Vether 'twere safe to shy it or no;  
 And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,  
 "All that I axed vos, Let me alone."

#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—*By Myra Townsend.*

WHAT! would ye swing your brother's form  
 High up in Heaven's free air,  
 And place the image of your God  
 A dangling victim there?  
 Who gave you pow'r to read his heart,  
 Or know how deep his guilt,  
 Or judge what provocation came  
 Ere blood by him was spilt?

Can ye retrace the length of years  
Since he commenced this life,  
And mark the coursing of events,  
His wrongs, his woes, his strife?  
His battles with untoward fate,  
His blasted hopes and schemes,  
His longings for the pure and right,  
His visionary dreams?  
Perhaps, from life's first early dawn  
ILL nestled by his side,  
His teachings may have been in wrong,  
And sin his childhood's guide;  
No mother's voice, perhaps, for him  
Sent up an earnest pray'r,  
No father at the mercy seat  
Asked his acceptance there;  
No sister twined around his heart  
A soft, and gentle spell,  
Which made an atmosphere of love  
Wherever he might dwell;  
Virtue, perhaps, to him was known  
But as an empty name,  
And truth, and justice, but the guise  
Of cowardice and shame;  
Religion's winning, earnest tones  
May ne'er within his soul  
Have spread their influence divine,  
To purify the whole—  
Then, would ye swing your Brother's form  
High up in Heaven's free air,  
And place the image of your God  
A dying victim there?  
With all his sins upon his head  
Before his destined hour;  
Is your's the fiat of his days,  
Your's the avenging pow'r?  
Did not THAT EYE that saw his deed  
Take note when it was done,  
And read the thought that caused the act  
Ere yet it was begun?  
And could He not with vengeance swift,  
Have laid the culprit low,  
If, in His wisdom, he had seen  
It meet to deal the blow?  
Think you His hand less strong than yours?  
Are you more just, more wise,  
That ye with daring hands unrobe  
The soul that never dies?  
He whom your God in mercy spared  
No mercy meets in you,  
And yet we pray—"Forgive us, Lord,  
As we all others do."

Perhaps no guilt your pris'ner knows  
 Although for crime arraigned,  
 And proofs may cluster thickly round  
 By circumstance maintained ;  
 He may be innocent and stand  
 Before his Maker's sight  
 A spotless one, more pure than you,  
 Who THINK you act the right.  
 And can ye give him life again,  
 Or mete him right for wrong,  
 If future time should prove the guilt  
 May somewhere else belong ?  
 Then, DARE ye swing your Brother's form  
 High up in Heaven's free air,  
 When time may tell, an innocent  
 Has been suspended there ?

Suppose he did it—and suppose  
 Your priests around him placed,  
 Teaching, repentance may atone,  
 And sinners may be graced—  
 Suppose he does repent, and lies  
 Washed clean before the throne,  
 Becomes a saint, and purified,  
 And Heav'n he feels his own ;  
 With anxious zeal his spirit craves  
 To fill life's little span  
 With calling all to turn, and see  
 God's love to guilty Man.  
 And who, than he once sunk in sin  
 Can more that love portray ?  
 Who preach more truly—sinners turn,  
 Crime may be washed away ?  
 Then, could ye hang that saint redeemed  
 High up in Heaven's free air ?  
 Is earth so full of righteous ones  
 That ye have some to spare ?  
 And where your Father mercy showed,  
 Can ye no mercy show ?  
 Have ye ne'er sinn'd, that ye must thus  
 Deal the avenging blow ?  
 But, if repentance should NOT come  
 Before his hour of doom,  
 If, unregenerate you should send  
 Your Brother to the tomb,  
 Think you that ye will guiltless stand  
 Before your Father's eye ?  
 Did ye not MURDER when ye said  
 Your prisoner should die ?  
 Or are your prison-houses full ?  
 Have ye no room for one ?

Is bread so scant ye cannot feed  
'Till life's short course is run?  
Have ye not bolts and bars enough  
To hold the victim fast,  
When burglars with their thousand wiles  
Are there securely cast?  
And are ye sure, no changing fate  
May give to you HIS place?  
Are you so sanctified in good  
Ye cannot fall from grace?  
Can no temptation have the pow'r  
To urge the hasty blow?  
Have ye so conquered evil thoughts  
That sin no more ye know?  
Or may not circumstances charge  
Your innocence with crime?  
Full oft we know it has been thus  
From immemorial time.  
Then, by the danger all must share  
That his may be our lot,  
By all the bonds of human kind  
Aid to wipe out this blot!  
Cease not from striving, till our law  
Is clear from bloody stain,  
And REFORMATION,—NOT REVENGE,—  
In principle sustain!

---

MAUD MULLER.—*J. G. Whittier.*

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,  
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay;  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,  
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain;  
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : "It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

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THANATOPSIS.—*W. C. Bryant.*

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language : for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more

In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,  
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;  
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
 To mix forever with the elements ;  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.  
 Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
 Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
 The venerable woods ; rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
 That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,  
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man ! The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there !  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The fight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone !—  
 So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou shalt fall  
 Unnoticed by the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
 His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles



And beauty of its innocent age cut off—  
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

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OPPOSITE EXAMPLES.—*By H. Mann.*

I ASK the young man who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples, whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme. Here, behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor three-score years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus to abuse; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobaccoist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even

for murder, Cain was only branded on the forehead ; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium ! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example ! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling ! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him ! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "BEHOLD A BEAST !" Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day ; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons, and at the tables of the "Upper Ten ;" but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on this picture, and on this, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

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DRIFTING.—*By T. Buchanan Read.*

My soul to-day  
Is far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;  
My winged boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote :—

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,  
The mountains swim ;  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles ;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
Where swells and falls  
The Bay's deep breast at intervals  
At peace I lie,  
Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With earth and ocean reconciled;—  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where summer sings and never dies,—  
O'erweiled with vines,  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;  
Or down the walls,  
With tipsy calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,  
With tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
Where Traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows ;—  
This happier one,  
Its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip !  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise !

---

### THE HEART OF THE WAR.

PEACE in the clover-scented air,  
And stars within the dome,  
And underneath, in dim repose,  
A plain New England home.  
Within, a murmur of low tones  
And sighs from hearts oppressed,  
Merging in prayer at last, that brings  
The balm of silent rest.

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I've closed a hard day's work, Marty—  
The evening chores are done ;  
And you are weary with the house,  
And with the little one.  
But he is sleeping sweetly now,  
With all our pretty brood ;  
So come and sit upon my knee,  
And it will do me good.

O Marty ! I must tell you all  
The trouble in my heart,  
And you must do the best you can  
To take and bear your part.  
You've seen the shadow on my face,  
You've felt it day and night ;  
For it has filled our little home,  
And banished all its light.

I did not mean it should be so,  
And yet I might have known  
That hearts that live as close as ours  
Can never keep their own.  
But we are fallen on evil times,  
And, do whate'er I may,  
My heart grows sad about the war,  
And sadder every day.

I think about it when I work,  
And when I try to rest,  
And never more than when your head  
Is pillowed on my breast ;  
For then I see the camp-fires blaze,  
And sleeping men around,  
Who turn their faces towards their homes,  
And dream upon the ground.

I think about the dear, brave boys,  
My mates in other years,  
Who pine for home and those they love,  
Till I am choked with tears,  
With shouts and cheers they marched away  
On glory's shining track,  
But, ah ! how long, how long they stay !  
How few of them come back !

One sleeps beside the Tennessee,  
And one beside the James,  
And one fought on a gallant ship,  
And perished in its flames.  
And some, struck down by fell disease,  
Are breathing out their life ;  
And others, maimed by cruel wounds,  
Have left the deadly strife.

Ah, Marty ! Marty ! only think  
Of all the boys have done  
And suffered in this weary war !  
Brave heroes, every one !  
O, often, often in the night,  
I hear their voices call :  
"Come on and help us ! Is it right  
That we should bear it all?"

And when I kneel and try to pray,  
My thoughts are never free,  
But cling to those who toil and fight  
And die for you and me.  
And when I pray for victory,  
It seems almost a sin  
To fold my hands and ask for what  
I will not help to win.

O, do not cling to me and cry,  
For it will break my heart;  
I'm sure you'd rather have me die  
Than not to bear my part.  
You think that some should stay at home  
To care for those away;  
But still I'm helpless to decide  
If I should go or stay.

For, Marty, all the soldiers love,  
And all are loved again;  
And I am loved, and love perhaps,  
No more than other men.  
I cannot tell—I do not know—  
Which way my duty lies,  
Or where the Lord would have me build  
My fire of sacrifice.

I feel—I know—I am not mean;  
And though I seem to boast,  
I'm sure that I would give my life  
To those who need it most.  
Perhaps the Spirit will reveal  
That which is fair and right;  
So, Marty, let us humbly kneel  
And pray to Heaven for light.

---

Peace in the clover-scented air,  
And stars within the dome;  
And, underneath, in dim repose,  
A plain New England home.  
Within, a widow in her weeds,  
From whom all joy is flown,  
Who kneels among her sleeping babes,  
And weeps and prays alone!

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#### THE CLOSING YEAR.—*By George D. Prentice.*

'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now  
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds  
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell  
Of the departed year. No funeral train  
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,  
With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest  
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred  
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud

That floats so still and placidly through heaven,  
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—  
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,  
 And Winter with its aged locks,—and breathe,  
 In mournful cadences that come abroad  
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,  
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,  
 Gone from the Earth forever.

'Tis a time  
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep,  
 Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,  
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time  
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold  
 And solemn finger to the beautiful  
 And holy visions that have passed away,  
 And left no shadow of their loveliness  
 On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts  
 The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,  
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,  
 Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead flowers  
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year  
 Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng  
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,  
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,  
 It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,—  
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
 Upon the strong man,—and the haughty form  
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.  
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged  
 The bright and joyous,—and the tearful wail  
 Of stricken ones, is heard where erst the song  
 And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er  
 The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,  
 Flashed in the light of mid-day,—and the strength  
 Of serried hosts, is shivered, and the grass,  
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above  
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,  
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;  
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,  
 It heralded its millions to their home  
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!  
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power  
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on,  
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,  
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar

Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave  
 The fury of the northern Hurricane,  
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,  
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down  
 To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time  
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,  
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
 His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep  
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
 Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink  
 Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles  
 Spring blazing from the Ocean, and go back  
 To their mysterious caverns,—Mountains rear  
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow  
 Their tall heads to the plain,—new Empires rise,  
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,  
 Startling the nations,—and the very stars,  
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,  
 Glitter a while in their eternal depths,  
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,  
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away  
 To darkle in the trackless void,—Yet, Time,  
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,  
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not  
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path  
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors  
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

### SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

TELL ON SWITZERLAND.—*J. S. Knowles.*

ONCE Switzerland was free! With what a pride  
 I used to walk these hills,—look up to Heaven,  
 And bless God that it was so! It was free  
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!  
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,  
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave  
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow  
 In very presence of the regal sun!  
 How happy was I in it, then! I loved  
 Its very storms. Ay, often have I sat  
 In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake,  
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge  
 The wind came roaring,—I have sat and eyed  
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
 And think I had no master save his own.



## SONNET.

THE honey-bee that wanders all day long  
 The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,  
 To gather in his fragrant winter store,  
 Humming in calm content his quiet song,  
 Sucks not alone the rose's glowing breast,  
 The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,  
 But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips  
 The single drop of sweetness ever pressed  
 Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we  
 Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet  
 In all the varied human flowers we meet,  
 In the wide garden of Humanity,  
 And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,  
 Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.

---

SEEING AND NOT SEEING.—*C. T. Brooks.*

THE one with yawning made reply :  
 "What have we seen?—Not much have I!  
 Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams,  
 Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams."  
 The other, smiling, said the same ;  
 But with face transfigured and eye of flame :  
 "Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams !  
 Blue sky and cloud, and sunny gleams !"

---

HAMLET TO HIS MOTHER.—*Shakspeare.*

LOOK here, upon this picture, and on this ;  
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
 See what a grace was seated on this brow :—  
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;  
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;  
 A station like the herald Mercury,  
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
 A combination, and a form, indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man.  
 This was your husband.—Look you, now, what follows :  
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?  
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
 And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?  
 You cannot call it love, for at your age  
 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment  
 Would step from this to this ?

## TIME NOT TO BE RECALLED.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,—  
 How it out-runs the following eye !  
 Use all persuasions now, and try  
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.  
 That way it went, but thou shalt find  
 No track is left behind.

Fool ! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou !  
 Of all the time thou'st shot away  
 I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,  
 And it shall be too hard a task to do.  
 Besides repentance, what canst find  
 That it hath left behind ?

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REASONS FOR HUMILITY.—*Beattie.*

ONE part, one little part, we dimly scan,  
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream,  
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
 If but that little part incongruous seem ;  
 Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem.  
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise :  
 O ! then renounce that impious self-esteem  
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies ;  
 For thou art but of dust,—be humble and be wise.

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CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.—*Shakspeare.*

BANISHED from Rome !—what's banished but set free  
 From daily contact of the things I loathe ?  
 "Tried and convicted traitor !"—Who says this ?  
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?  
 Banished ?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain !  
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour—  
 But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords !  
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,  
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,  
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,  
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.  
 But here I stand and scoff you :—here I fling  
 Hatred and full defiance in your face.

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THE DYING GLADIATOR.—*Lord Byron.*

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie :  
 He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow

Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low,—  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
 There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 There was his Dacian mother,—he, their sire,  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday,—  
 All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire,  
 And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire.

#### A LECTURE ON PATENT MEDICINES.—*By Dr. Puff Stuff.*

**LADIES** and Gentlemen:—My name is Puff Stuff, the physician to that great and mighty Han Kann, Emperor of all the Chinas; I was converted to Christianity during the embassy of the late Lord Macartney, and left that there country, and came to this here, which may be reckoned the greatest blessing that ever happened to Europe, for I've brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and never-to-be-matched medicines: the first is called the great Parry Mandryon Rapskianum, from Whandy Whang Whang—one drop of which, poured into any of your gums, if you should have the misfortune to lose your teeth, will cause a new set to sprout out, like mushrooms from a hot-bed; and if any lady should happen to be troubled with that unpleasant and redundant exuberance, called a beard, it will remove it in three applications, and with greater ease than Packwood's razor strops.

I'm also very celebrated in the cure of eyes; the late Emperor of China had the misfortune to lose his eyes by a cataract. I very dexterously took out the eyes of his Majesty, and after anointing the sockets with a particular glutinous application, I placed in two eyes from the head of a living lion, which not only restored his Majesty's vision, but made him dreadful to all his enemies and beholders. I beg leave to say, that I have hyes from different hannimals, and to suit all your different faces and professions. This here bottle which I holds in my and, is called the great-elliptical-asiatical-panti-curial-nervous cordial, which cures all the diseases incident to

humanity. I don't like to talk of myself, ladies and gentlemen, because the man that talks of himself is a Hegotist; but this I will venture to say, that I am not only the greatest physician and philosopher of the age, but the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind—but you know I don't like to talk of myself: you should only read one or two of my lists of cures, out of the many thousands I have by me; if you knew the benefits so many people have received from my grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, none of you would be such fools as to be sick at all. I'll just read one or two. (*Reads several letters.*) "Sir, I was jammed to a jelly in a linsced-oil mill; cured with one bottle." "Sir, I was cut in half in a saw-pit; cured with one bottle." "Sir, I was boiled to death in a soap-manufactory; cured with half a bottle." Now comes the most wonderful of all.

"Sir, venturing too near a powder-mill at Faversham, I was, by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms; by this unpleasant accident, I was rendered unfit for my business, (a banker's clerk); but, hearing of your grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof; the first bottle united my strayed particles; the second animated my shattered frame; the third effected a radical cure; the fourth sent me home to Lombardy street, to count guineas, make out bills for acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand-elliptical-asiatical panticurial-nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity."

### KNEEL AT NO HUMAN SHRINE.—By A. F. K.

"Must then that peerless form,  
Which love and admiration cannot view,  
Without a beating of the heart; those veins,  
That steal like streams along a field of snow,  
That lovely outline that is fair  
As breathing marble, perish?"

SHELLEY.

KNEEL not, oh! friend of mine, before a shrine,  
That bears the impress of humanity;  
Have thou no idol; lest those hopes of thine,  
Prove but false lights upon a treacherous sea.  
Know'st thou that clouds freighted with storm and rain,  
Will overspread with darkest gloom again,  
Yon azure sky?

Know'st thou that rose that blooms beside thy door,  
Will waste upon the gale its fragrant store,  
And fade and die?

Know also that the loved and tried for years,  
The cynosure of all thy hopes and fears,  
May pass thee by.

Maiden! upon whose fair unclouded brow,  
Half hid by many a curl of clustering hair,  
I mark the buds of promise bursting now,  
Unmingled with a thought of future care,  
Thou, for whose sake the bridal wreath is made,  
For whom the rose in spotless white arrayed,  
Expands its leaf,  
Oh! let me teach thee, as a sister may,  
A lesson thou should'st bear in mind alway,  
That life is brief;  
That bridal flowers have decked the silent bier,  
And smiles of joy been melted with the tear  
Of burning grief.

Mother! who gazeth with a mother's joy,  
And all a mother's changeless love and pride,  
Upon the noble forehead of thy boy,  
Who stands in childish beauty by thy side,  
And gazing through the mists of coming time,  
Beholds him standing in the verdant prime  
Of manhood's day;  
I warn thee! build no castles in the air,  
That form, so full of life—so matchless fair,  
Is only clay,  
That bud just bursting to a perfect flower,  
May, like the treasures of thy garden bower  
Soon pass away.

Father! whose days though in "the yellow leaf,"  
Have golden tints from life's rich sunset thrown,  
Whose heart, a stranger to the pangs of grief,  
Still suns itself within the loves of home,  
Who with thy dear companion by thy side,  
Hast felt thy barque adown life's current glide  
With peaceful breeze,  
Burn thou no incense here! hast thou not seen  
The forest change its summer robe of green,  
For leafless trees?  
Believe me, all who breathe the vital breath,  
Are subjects to the laws of life and death,  
And so are these.

Ah! yes! beneath the church-yard's grassy mound,  
Too many an early smitten idol lies,  
Too many a star of promise has gone down  
The soul's horizon, never more to rise,

For thou to safely rear thy temple here,  
 And fancy while the storm cloud hovers near,  
     It stands secure;  
 Oh! trust it not; that flash of brilliant light,  
 Will only from the thorny path of night,  
     Thy steps allure;  
 One arm that never fails, that never tires,  
 That moves in harmony the Heavenly choirs,  
     Alone is sure.

Be this thy Spirit's anchor; that when all  
 Most near and dear to thee shall pass away,  
 When pride, and power and human hope shall fall,  
 A faith in God shall be thy shield and stay.  
 Lay up thy treasures, where the hand of time,  
 The storms and changes of this fickle clime,  
     Shall seek in vain;  
 Where the bright dreams of youth, shall know no blight,  
 The days of love and joy, no starless night,  
     And life no pain,  
 And where thou yet shalt find when cares are o'er  
 The loved and lost ones who have "gone before,"  
     Are thine again.

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# LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.—*By Duferin.*

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side  
 On a bright May morning, long ago,  
 When first you were my bride;  
 The corn was springing fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high;  
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,  
 The day as bright as then;  
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
 And the corn is green again;  
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
 And your breath warm on my cheek;  
 And I still keep listening for the words  
 You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
 And the little church stands near—  
 The church where we were wed, Mary;  
 I see the spire from here.

But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest—  
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends;  
But, O! they love the better still  
The few our Father sends!  
And you were all I had, Mary—  
My blessing and my pride:  
There's nothing left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength was gone;  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow—  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
When your heart was fit to break—  
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,  
And you hid it for my sake;  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
O! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true!  
But I'll not forget you darling,  
In the land I'm going to;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there—  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies;  
And I'll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,  
When first you were my bride.

ABSALOM.—*By N. P. Willis.*

THE waters slept. Night's silvery vail hung low  
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled  
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,  
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.  
 The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves  
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,  
 Forgot the lifting winds: and the long stems  
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse  
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,  
 And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.  
 How strikingly the course of nature tells  
 By its light heed of human suffering,  
 That it was fashioned for a happier world.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled  
 From far Jerusalem: and now he stood  
 With his faint people, for a little space,  
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind  
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow,  
 To its refreshing breath: for he had worn  
 The mourner's covering, and had not felt  
 That he could see his people until now.  
 They gathered round him on the fresh green bank  
 And spoke their kindly words: and as the sun  
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,  
 And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.  
 Oh when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts  
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,  
 And the poor common words of courtesy,  
 Are such a very mockery—how much  
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer.  
 He prayed for Israel: and his voice went up  
 Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those,  
 Whose love had been his shield: and his deep tones  
 Grew tremulous. But Oh! for Absalom—  
 For his estranged misguided Absalom!  
 The proud bright being who had burst away  
 In all his princely beauty, to defy,  
 The heart that cherished him—for him he poured  
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,  
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath,  
 Was straightened for the grave: and as the folds  
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed  
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.  
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls  
 Were floating round the tassels as they swayed  
 To the admitted air.  
 His helm was at his feet: his banner soiled



With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid  
 Reversed beside him : and the jewelled hilt  
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,  
 Rested like mockery on his covered brow.  
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,  
 Clad in the garb of battle, and their chief  
 The mighty Joab stood beside the bier,  
 And gazed upon the dark pall silently,  
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.  
 A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade  
 As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form  
 Of David entered, and he gave command  
 In a low tone to his fellow followers,  
 And left him with his dead. The King stood still  
 Till the last echo died ; then throwing off  
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back  
 The pall from the still features of his child,  
 He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth  
 In the resistless eloquence of woe :

"Alas my noble boy ! that thou should'st die,  
 Thou who wert made so beautifully fair !  
 That death should settle on thy glorious eye,  
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—  
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb  
 My proud boy Absalom !

"Cold is thy brow my son ! and I am chill  
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—  
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,  
 Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee—  
 And hear thy sweet, 'my father,' from these dumb  
 And cold lips, Absalom !

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the voice  
 Of music, and the voices of the young :  
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,  
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds fling,  
 But thou no more with thy sweet voice shall come  
 To meet me Absalom !

"And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart  
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,  
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !  
 It were so sweet amid death's gathering gloom  
 To see thee, Absalom !

"And now farewell ! 'tis hard to give thee up,  
 With death so like a gentle slumber o'er thee ;  
 And thy dark sin—oh ! I could drink the cup  
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee,  
 May God have called thee like a wanderer home,  
 My erring Absalom !"

\* \* \* \* \*

He covered up his face, and bowed himself  
A moment o'er his child: then giving him  
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped  
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:  
And, as a strength were given him of God,  
He rose up calmly and composed the pall  
Fairly and quietly, and left him there  
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep!

### A RACY STUMP SPEECH.

FRIENDS and fellow-citizens, of this conflictuous community:—I'se riz to give you warnin', and make a political speech, and tell you what I'se gone to talk about and allude to—"now, I'd like to have you pay particular attention;" (as the preacher says, when the boys are pitchin' beans at his nose) I say a crisis has arrived;—the wheels of government is stopped;—the rudder's unshipped;—the biler busted;—and we're afloat and the river risin';—our glorious Ship of State, that like a bobtailed gander has so peacefully glided adown the current of time, has had its harmony disturbed; and is now driftin' with fearful rapidity towards the shoals and quicksands of disunion, threatenin' to bust everything into flinders, and pick itself up in the end, "a gone goslin." Hearken no longer ye worthy denizens of Goose Hollow, Terrapin Neck, Possum Swamp, and adjacent regions, to the siren voice that whispers in your ear the too delusive sound of peace, peace;—for peace has sloped, and flowed to other lands:—or div to the depths of the mighty deep;—or in the emphatic language of Tecumshorun;

"Gone flickerin through the frogs of other climes,  
To aid the miser watcher in his dimes:"

or like the great Alexander, who at the battle of Hunker's Bill, in the agony of despair frantically shrieked out:—"O, gravy! peace has gone like my skule-boy days, and I don't care a ———." (He was a whole hoss and team, sure.)

Ladies and gentlemen: The great bird of American liberty has flown aloft, and soarin' on the wings of the aurore-borealis, is now hoverin' high o'er the cloud-capped peaks of the Rockagany mountains:—and when he shall have penetrated into the "unknown regions of unlimited space," and then shall have stooped down, and lit on daddy's wood-pile; I shall be led to exclaim in the language of Paul, the hosler, "root pork, or die."

Fellow-citizens, and gals too: In our halls of legislation,

confusion runs riot and anarchy reigns supremest; rise up, then, like pokers in a tater-patch, and fall into ranks; sound the tocsin, blow the drum, and beat the tin-horn—till, the startled echoes, reverberatin' from hill-top to hill-top, and from gopher-hill to gopher-hill, shall reach the adamantine hills of New England, and the ferruginous disporitions of Missouri, and the auriferous partieles of California, to pick up their ears, and in whispered accents, inquire of her valors: "what's out."

Feller-citizens and the wimmin: I repeat it, to your posts, and from the top-most peak of the Ozark Mountains bid defiance to the hull earth, by hollerin "who's afeard," in such thunderin' tones, that quakin with fear, you'll forget what danger is. Don your rusty regimentals, and wipe the flints of your old guns; beat up your scythes and make swords of them, put on your huntin' shirts, mount your hosses, and "save the nation, or bust."

My dear hearers, and the rest of the boys; time's critical—and every man that's got a soul as big as the white of a "culled pusson's" eye, will fight, bleed, and die for his country. Them's the times you want men in the council of the nation you can depend on—that's me—elcet me to Congress, and I'll stick to you through thick and thin, like a lean tick to a nigger's shin. You all know me, I've been fotched up among ye;—already, on the wings of top-lifted imagination, I fancy I can see you marching up to the polls in solid phalanx, and with shouts that make the earth ring. Hurrah! for Jim Smith;—come down on my opponent like a thousand of brick on a rotten pumkin.

But, my devoted constituency, I'm not going to make an electioneerin' speech, I'd scorn the act from the lowest depths of my watch fob,—words are inadequate to fully portray my feelings towards you, and my love for office. All I ask is your votes, and leave everything else with the people;—concluding in the touchin' words of that glorious old martyr in the wax figger bizness;—"Be virtuous and you'll be happy."

GENERAL JOSEPH REED; OR, THE INCORRUPTIBLE  
PATRIOT.—*By Rev. Edward C. Jones.*

Governor Johnstone is said to have offered Gen. Joseph Reed £10,000 sterling, if he would try to re-unite the colonies to the mother country. Said he, "I am not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

I SPURN your gilded bait, oh, King, my faith you cannot buy;  
Go, tamper with some craven heart, and dream of victory;  
My honor never shall be dimmed by taking such a bribe;  
The honest man can look above the mercenary tribe.

Carlisle and Eden may consort to bring about a peace;  
Our year of Jubilee will be the year of our release.  
Until your fleets and armies are all remanded back,  
Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your track.

What said our noble Laurens? What answer did he make?  
Did he accept your overtures, and thus our cause forsake?  
'o! as his country's mouth-piece, he spoke the burning words,  
Off with Conciliation's terms—the battle is the Lord's!"

Are ye afraid of Bourbon's house? And do ye now despair,  
Because to shield the perishing the arm of France is bare?  
That treaty of alliance, which makes a double strife,  
Has, like the sun, but warmed afresh your viper brood to life.

And art thou, Johnstone, art thou, pray, upon this mission sent,  
To keep at distance, by thy craft, the throne's dismemberment?  
Dismemberment!—ah, come it must, for union is a sin,  
When parents' hands the furnace heat, and thrust the children in.

Why, English hearts there are at home, that pulsate with our own:  
Voices beyond Atlantic's waves send forth a loving tone;  
Within the Cabinet are men who would not offer gold,  
To see our country's liberty, like chattel, bought and sold.

You say that office shall be mine, if I the traitor play;  
Can office ever compensate for honesty's decay?  
Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand pounds! Shall I an Esau  
prove,  
And for a mess of pottage sell the heritage I love?

If you can blot out Bunker Hill, or Brandywine ignore,  
Or Valley Forge annihilate, and wipe away its gore;  
If you can make the orphans' tears forget to plead with God,  
Then may you find a patriot's soul that owns a monarch's nod.

The King of England cannot buy the faith which fills my heart;  
My truth and virtue cannot stand in Traffic's servile mart;  
For till your fleets and armies are all remanded back,  
Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your track.

LIBERTY AND UNION.—*Webster.*

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached, only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all, a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together, shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be preserved, but, how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre; not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly: Liberty first, and union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in charac-

ters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart. Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.—By G. W. Patten.

BLAZE, with your serried columns!  
I will not bend the knee!  
The shackles ne'er again shall bind  
The arm which now is free.  
I've mailed it with the thunder,  
When the tempest muttered low;  
And where it falls, ye well may dread  
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,  
I've scalped ye on the plain;  
Go, count your chosen, where they fell  
Beneath my leaden rain!  
I scorn your proffered treaty!  
The pale-face I defy!  
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,  
And blood my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,  
Some to defend their all,—  
I battle for the joy I have  
To see the white man fall:  
I love, among the wounded,  
To hear his dying moan,  
And catch, while chanting at his side,  
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,  
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;  
And struggling through the everglade,  
Your bristling bayonets gleam;  
But I stand as should the warrior,  
With his rifle and his spear;  
The scalp of vengeance still is red,  
And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,  
I scorn ye with mine eye,  
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,  
And fight ye till I die!

I ne'er will ask ye quarter,  
 And I ne'er will be your slave ;  
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,  
 Till I sink beneath its wave !

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THE VAGABONDS.—*By J. T. Trowbridge.*

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.  
 Roger's my dog :—come here, you scamp !  
 Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye !  
 Over the table,—look out for the lamp !—  
 The rogue is growing a little old ;  
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,  
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,  
 And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !  
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
 A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow !  
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)  
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,  
 (This out-door business is bad for strings,)  
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
 And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, Sir,—I never drink ;  
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral.—  
 Aren't we, Roger ?—see him wink !—  
 Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.  
 He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head ?  
 What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk !  
 He understands every word that's said,—  
 And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,  
 I've been so sadly given to grog,  
 I wonder I've not lost the respect  
 (Here's to you, Sir !) even of my dog.  
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;  
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,  
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living  
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,  
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,  
 To such a miserable thankless master !  
 No, sir !—see him wag his tail and grin !  
 By George ! it makes my old eyes water !  
 That is, there's something in this gin  
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you're willing,  
 And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, Sir !)  
 Shall march a little.—Start, you villain !  
 Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer !  
 • Put up that paw ! Drss ! Take your rifle !  
 (Some dogs have arms, you see ! ) Now hold your  
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,  
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes,  
 When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
 Now tell us how many drams it takes  
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
 Five yelps,—that's five ; he's mighty knowing !  
 The night's before us, fill the glasses !—  
 Quick, Sir ! I'm ill,—my brain is going !—  
 Some brandy,—thank you,—there !—it passes !

Why not reform ? That's easily said ;  
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,  
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,  
 That my poor stomach's past reform ;  
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,  
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?  
 At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,  
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink ;—  
 The same old story ; you know how it ends.  
 If you could have seen these classic features,—  
 You needn't laugh, Sir ; they were not then  
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures :  
 I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
 Whose head was happy on this breast !  
 If you could have heard the songs I sung  
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed  
 That ever I, Sir, should be straying  
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,  
 Ragged and penniless, and playing  
 To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since,—a parson's wife :  
 'Twas better for her that we should part,—  
 Better the soberest, prosiest life  
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
 I have seen her ? Once : I was weak and spent  
 On the dusty road, a carriage stopped :  
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,  
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !



You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;  
 It makes me wild to think of the change!  
 What do you care for a beggar's story?  
 Is it amusing? you find it strange?  
 I had a mother so proud of me!  
 'Twas well she died before—— Do you know  
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
 The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
 This pain; then Roger and I will start.  
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
 Aching thing, in place of a heart?  
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,  
 No doubt, remembering things that were,—  
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—  
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!  
 We must be fiddling and performing  
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—  
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?  
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,  
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—  
 The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

CARDINAL WOLSEY, ON BEING CAST OFF BY KING  
 HENRY VIII.—*Shakspeare.*

NAY, then, farewell,  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;  
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.  
 So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
 And, when he thinks—good, easy man—full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory;

But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !  
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !  
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again !

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me must more be heard,—say, then, I taught thee,—  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me !  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !  
By that sin fell the angels : how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?  
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee,—  
Corruption wins not more than honesty ;  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;  
And,—Prithee, lead me in :  
There, take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,  
Have left me naked to mine enemies !

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DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.—*By I. E. Holmes.*

MR. SPEAKER: The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister state—Massachusetts, weeping for her honored son. The state I

have the honor in part to represent once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet, that in this the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nation mourns ; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered are closed in death. Yes, my friends, Death has been among us ! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant ; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation ! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state ! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah ! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth ; he has borne at his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable Sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change ! How wondrous ! how sudden ! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since is now cold in death !

But the last Sabbath, and in this hall he worshipped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him, "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone—and forever ! The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE.

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#### THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.—*Byron.*

STOP ! for thy tread is on an empire's dust ;  
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchered below !  
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust ?  
Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?  
None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.

As the ground was before, thus let it be.

How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!

And is this all the world has gained by thee,  
Thou first and last of fields, king-making Victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gathered then

Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Musie arose, with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again;

And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!

No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!—

But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.

Arm! arm! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall

Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear

That sound the first amidst the festival,

And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear:

And when they smiled because he deemed it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too well,

Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,

And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago

Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,

Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,

The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,

And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,

And near, the beat of the alarming drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morning-star;

While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,

Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! they come! they come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life ;  
 Last eve, in beauty's circle, proudly gay ;  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife  
 The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,  
 Battle's magnificently stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it ; which, when rent,  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

### JOSH BILLINGS ON COURTING.

COURTING is a luxury, it is sallad, it is ise water, it is a beveridge, it is the pla spell ov the soul. The man who has never courted haz lived in vain : he haz bin a blind man amung landscapes and waterskapes ; he has bin a deff man in the land ov hand orgins, and by the side ov murmuring canals. Courting iz like 2 little springs ov soft water that steal out from under a roek at the fut ov a mountain and run down the hill side by side singing and dansing and spatering each uther, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now full ov sun, and now full ov shadder, till bime-by tha jine and then tha go slow. I am in faver ov long courting ; it gives the parties a chance to find out each uther's trump kards, it iz good exercise, and is jist as innersent as 2 merino lambs. Courting iz like strawberries and cream, wants tew be did slow, then yu git the flaver. I hav saw folks git acquainted, fall in luv, git marrid, settel down and git tew wurk, in 3 weeks from date. This is jist the wa sum folks larn a trade, and akounts for the grate number ov almitey mean mechanieks we hav, and the poor jobs tha turn out.

Perhaps it iz best i shud state sum good advise tew yung men, who are about tew court with a final view to matrimony, az it waz. In the fust plase, yung man, yu want tew git yure system awl rite, and then find a yung woman who iz willing tew be courted on the square. The nex thing is tew find out how old she is, which yu kan dew bi asking her and she will sa that she is 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far from out ov the wa. The nex best thing iz tew begin moderate ; say onse every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose as the pasheint seems to require it. It is a fust rate wa tew court the girl's mother a leettle on the start, for there iz one thing a woman never despizes, and that iz, a leettle good courting, if it is dun strikly on the square. After the fust year yu will begin to be well acquainted and will begin tew like the bizzness. Thare is one thing I alwus

advise, and that iz not to swop fotograffs oftener than onse in 10 daze, unless yu forgit how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want tew look sorry and draw in yure wind az tho yu had pain, this will set the gal tew teasing yu tew find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing tu tend, it will keep yure religgion in tune; and then if the gal happens to be thare, bi acksident, she kan ask yu tew go hum with her.

Az a ginral thing i wouldn't brag on uther gals mutch when i waz courting, it mite look az tho yu knu tew mutch. If yu will court 3 years in this wa, awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a leettle the slikest time in your life, yu kan git measured for a hat at my expense, and pa for it. Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relashuns, these things are jist about az onsartin as the kerosene ile refining bissness, liabel tew git out ov repair and bust at enny minnit.

Court a gal for fun, for the luv yu bear her, for the vartue and bissness thare is in her; court her for a wife and for a mother, court her as yu wud court a farm—for the strength ov the sile and the parfeckshun ov the title; court her as tho she wan't a fule, and yu a nuther; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash-tub, and at the pianner; court this wa, yung man, and if yu don't git a good wife and she don't git a good hustband, the falt won't be in the courting.

Yung man, yu kan rely upon Josh Billings, and if yu kant make these rules wurk jist send for him and he will sho yu how the thing is did, and it shant kost yu a cent.

#### HIAWATHA'S WOOING.—By *H. W. Longfellow.*

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
"Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not!

Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:  
"Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:  
"In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:  
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs!  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:  
"For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Yet the way seemed long before him,

And his heart outrun his footsteps ;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.  
"Pleasant is the sound !" he murmured,  
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me !"

On the outskirts of the forest,  
"Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha ;  
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not !"  
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not !"  
Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck ;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dakotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;  
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were !  
Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.



She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
• "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,  
With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before them,  
Water brought them from the brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,  
Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his childhood,

As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasiind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."  
Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
"That this peace may last forever,  
And our hands be clasped more closely,  
And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely:  
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the meadow,  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us!  
Just when they have learned to help us,  
When we are old and lean upon them;  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers;  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and slackened  
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,  
O'er the meadow, through the forest;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;  
From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,

Having such a wife to love you!"  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the branches,  
Saying to them, "O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,  
Whispered to them, "O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble;  
Half is mine, although I follow;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;  
Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,  
Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsome of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.

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EXCELSIOR.—*By H. W. Longfellow.*

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"—  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night;—  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of St. Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried, through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveler,—by the faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow, was found,  
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,  
The banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,—  
Excelsior!

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THE SONG OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.—*By C. G. Halpine.*

A PILLAR of fire by night,  
A pillar of smoke by day,  
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,  
And so we hold our way;  
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,  
As on we hold our way.

Over mountain and plain and stream,  
To some bright Atlantic bay,  
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,  
We hold our festal way;  
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,  
We hold our checkless way!

There is terror wherever we come,  
There is terror and wild dismay

When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum  
Announce us on the way ;  
When they see the Old Flag, and hear the drum  
Beating time to our onward way.

Never unlimber a gun  
For those villanous lines in grey,  
Draw sabres ! and at 'em upon the run !  
'Tis thus we clear our way,  
Draw sabres and soon you will see them run,  
As we hold our conquering way.

The loyal, who long have been dumb,  
Are loud in their cheers to-day ;  
And the old men out on their crutches come,  
To see us hold our way ;  
And the old men out on their crutches come,  
To bless us on our way.

Around us in rear and flanks,  
Their futile squadrons play,  
With a sixty-mile front of steady ranks,  
We hold our checkless way ;  
With a sixty-mile front of serried ranks,  
Our banner clears the way.

Hear the spattering fire that starts  
From the woods and copses grey,  
There is just enough fighting to quicken our hearts,  
As we frolic along the way !  
There is just enough fighting to warm our hearts,  
As we rattle along the way.

Upon different roads abreast  
The heads of our columns gay,  
With fluttering flags, all forward pressed,  
Hold on their conquering way.  
With fluttering flags to victory pressed,  
We hold our glorious way.

Ah, traitors ! who bragged so bold  
In the sad war's early day,  
Did nothing predict you should ever behold  
The Old Flag come this way ?  
Did nothing predict you should yet behold  
Our banner come back this way ?

By heaven ! 'tis a gala march,  
'Tis a pic-nic or a play ;  
Of all our long war 'tis the crowning arch,  
Hip, hip ! for Sherman's way !  
Of all our long war this crowns the arch—  
For Sherman and Grant, hurrah !

MR. PICKWICK'S ROMANTIC ADVENTURE WITH A  
MIDDLE-AGED LADY IN YELLOW CURL PAPERS.*Pickwick Papers.*

"DEAR me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick!"

At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chamber-maid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leather hat-box, and the brown-paper parcel, having been conveyed to his bed-room, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick, and another japanned candlestick, were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings, to another.

"This is your room, Sir," said the chamber-maid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, no, Sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, Sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good-night, the chamber-maid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him; then his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell; and from that lady it wandered by a natural process, to the dingy counting-house of Dodson and Fogg. From Dodson and Fogg's it flew off at a tangent, to the very centre of the history of the queer client: and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich, with sufficient clearness to convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep; so he roused himself, and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down stairs.

Now this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about, beneath the shadow of his waistcoat, for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state, at present. The possibility of going to sleep, unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in his watch-pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly down stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend, and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself

on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore; room after room did he peep into; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bed-chamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors garnished with boots of every shape, make, and size, branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bed-room door, which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within, of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a marvellous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in—right at last. There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the drafts of air through which he had passed, and sunk into the socket, just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well, by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood, one on each side of the door: and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed, on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat, and neck-cloth, and slowly drawing on his tasseled night-cap, secured it firmly on his head, by tying beneath his chin, the strings which he had always attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth, from beneath the night-cap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the night-cap strings—"It is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.



The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features, was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come up stairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do!

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself, was by ereeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manœuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this,"—thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap. "Never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair; and carefully enveloped it, in a muslin night-cap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming"—reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house, but if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful!"

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite necessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his night-cap to a lady, overpowered him, but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly:—

"Ha—hum."

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rush-light shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha—hum."

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that?"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man," shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

"Ma'am"—said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, "Ma'am."

Now although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so, by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's night-cap driven her back, into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

"Wretch,"—said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, Ma'am—nothing whatever, Ma'am;" said Mr. Pickwick earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, Ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically, that the tassel of his night-cap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, Ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my night-cap (here the lady hastily snatched off her's) but I can't get it off, Ma'am (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). It is evident to me, Ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bed-room for my own. I had not been here five minutes, Ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir,"—said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, Ma'am, with the greatest pleasure"—replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, Sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, Ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly. "Certainly, Ma'am. I—I—am very sorry, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry, Ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his night-cap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, Sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, Ma'am; this instant, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, Ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, "I trust, Ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this"—but before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

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MARCO BOZZARIS.—*By Fitz-greene Halleck.*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in supplication bent,  
Should tremble at his power;  
In dreams, through camp and court he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;  
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;  
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king:  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Sulliot band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Plataea's day;

And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,  
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour pass'd on: the Turk awoke.

That bright dream was his last.

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,  
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"  
He woke, to die 'midst flame and smoke;  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud,  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band:  
"Strike!—till the last arm'd foe expires;  
Strike!—for your altars and your fires;  
Strike!—for the green graves of your sires;  
God, and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
They conquer'd;—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their loud hurrah  
And the red field was won,  
Then saw in death his eyelids close,  
Calmly as to a night's repose,—  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!

Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm  
With banquet song and dance, and wine;  
And thou art terrible:—the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear,  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come when his task of fame is wrought;  
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;

Come in her crowning hour,—and then  
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light,  
To him is welcome as the sight  
Of sky and stars to prison'd men ;  
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land ;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian isles were nigh  
To the world-seeking Genoese,  
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
The heartless luxury of the tomb ;  
But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved, and for a season gone ;  
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;  
For thee she rings the birthday bells ;  
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells ;  
For thine her evening prayer is said,  
At palace couch and cottage bed ;  
Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;  
His plighted maiden, when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,  
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears ;  
And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,  
The memory of her buried joys,—  
And even she who gave thee birth,  
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,  
Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's.  
One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die.

## SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETIES.

To the quiet nooks of home,  
To the public halls so wide,  
The women, all loyal, hurrying come,  
And sit down side by side,  
To fight for their native land,  
With womanly weapons girt,  
For dagger a needle, scissors for brand,  
While they sing the song of the shirt.

O women with sons so dear,  
O tender, loving wives,  
It is not money you work for now,  
But the saving of precious lives.  
'Tis roused for the battle we feel—  
O for a thousand experts,  
Armed with tiny darts of steel,  
To conquer thousands of shirts!

Stitch—stitch—stitch  
Under the sheltering roof,  
Come to the rescue, poor and rich,  
Nor stay from the work aloof;  
To the men who are shedding their blood,  
To the brave, devoted band,  
Whose action is honor, whose cause is good,  
We pledge our strong right hand.

Work—work—work,  
With earnest heart and soul—  
Work—work—work,  
To keep the Union whole.  
And 'tis O for the land of the brave,  
Where treason and cowardice lurk,  
Where there's all to lose or all to save,  
That we're doing this Christian work.

Brothers are fighting abroad,  
Sisters will help them here,  
Husbands and wives with one accord  
Serving the cause so dear.  
Stand by our colors to-day—  
Keep to the Union true—  
Under our flag while yet we may  
Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue.

## THE BALLAD OF ISHMAEL DAY.

ONE summer morning a daring band  
Of rebels rode into Maryland,  
Over the prosperous peaceful farms,  
Sending terror and strange alarms,  
The clatter of hoofs and the clang of arms.

Fresh from the South, where the hungry pine,  
They ate like Pharaoh's starving kine;  
They swept the land like devouring surge,  
And left their path, to its farthest verge,  
Bare as the track of the locust-scurge.

"The rebels are coming," far and near  
Rang the tidings of dread and fear;  
Some paled, and cowered, and sought to hide;  
Some stood erect in their fearless pride;  
And women shuddered, and children cried.

But others—vipers in human form,  
Stinging the bosom that kept them warm—  
Welcomed with triumph the thievish band,  
Hurried to offer the friendly hand,  
As the rebels rode into Maryland,—

Made them merry with food and wine,  
Clad them in garments rich and fine,—  
For rags and hunger to make amends,—  
Flattered them, praised them with selfish ends:  
"Leave us scathless, for we are friends!"

Could traitors trust a traitor? No!  
Little they favored friend or foe,  
But gathered the cattle the farms across,  
Flinging back, with a scornful toss—  
"If ye are friends, ye can bear the loss!"

Flushed with triumph, and wine, and prey,  
They neared the dwelling of Ishmael Day,  
A sturdy veteran, gray and old,  
With heart of a patriot, firm and bold,  
Strong and steadfast—unbribed, unsold.

And Ishmael Day, his brave head bare,  
His white locks tossed by the morning air,  
Fearless of danger, or death, or scars,  
Went out to raise, by the farm-yard bars,  
The dear old flag of the Stripes and Stars.

Proudly, steadily, up it flew,  
Gorgeous with crimson, and white, and blue:

His withered hand, as he shook it freer,  
 May have trembled, but not with fear,  
 While, shouting, the rebels drew more near.

"Halt!" They had seen the hated sign  
 Floating free from old Ishmael's line—  
 "Lower that rag!" was their wrathful cry.  
 "Never!" rung Ishmael Day's reply;  
 "Fire, if it please you—I can but die!"

One, with a loud, defiant laugh,  
 Left his comrades, and neared the staff.  
 "Down!"—came the fearless patriot's cry—  
 "Dare to lower that flag, and die!  
 One must bleed for it—you or I!"

But caring not for the stern command,  
 He drew the halliards with daring hand;  
 Ping! went the rifle-ball—down he came  
 Under the flag he had tried to shame—  
 Old Ishmael Day took careful aim!

Seventy winters and three had shed  
 Their snowy glories on Ishmael's head;  
 But though cheeks may wither, and locks grow gray,  
 His fame shall be fresh, and young away—  
 Honor be to old Ishmael Day!

### YORKSHIRE ANGLING.

It happened once that a young Yorkshire clown, but newly come to far-famed London town, was gaping round at many a wondrous sight, grinning at all he saw, with vast delight; attended by his terrier Tyke, who was as sharp as sharp may be: and thus the master and the dog, d'ye see, were very much alike.

After wandering far and wide, and seeing every street and square,—the parks, the plays, the Queen, and the Lord Mayor, with all in which your "Cockneys" place their pride;—and, being quizzed by many a city spark for coat of country cut and red-haired pate, he came at length to noisy Billingsgate. He saw the busy scene with mute surprise, opening his ears and wondering eyes at the loud clamor, and the monstrous fish, hereafter doomed to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall, which, with stretched mouth, as if to pant for breath, seemed in the agonies of death. Said Lubin, "What name, zur, d'ye that fish call?"



"A turbot," answered the sarcastic elf; "a flat, you see—so something like yourself." "D'ye think," said Lubin, "that he'll bite?" "Why," said the fishman, with a roguish grin, "his mouth is open; put your finger in and then you'll know." "Why, zur," replied the wight, "I shouldn't like to try; but there's my Tyke shall put his tail there, an' you like." "Agreed," rejoined the man, and laughed delight.

Within the turbot's teeth was placed the tail, and the fish bit with all its might. The dog no sooner felt the bite, than off he ran, the dangling turbot holding tight. The astonished man began most furiously to bawl and rail; but, after numerous escapes and dodgings, Tyke safely got to Master Lubin's lodgings. Thither the fishmonger in anger flew. Says Lubin, "Lunnon tricks on me won't do! I've come from York to queer such flats as you; and Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire, too!" Then, laughing at the man, who sneaked away, he had the fish for dinner that same day.

#### RIENZI'S ADDRESS.—*By M. R. Milford*

FRIENDS: I come not here to talk. Ye know too well  
 The story of our thralldom;—we are slaves!  
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam  
 Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along  
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
 To crimson glory and undying fame;  
 But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde  
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,  
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages—  
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great  
 In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud  
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
 Cries out against them. But this very day,  
 An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—  
 Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore  
 The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,  
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
 At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,  
 And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not  
 The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.  
 I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you—  
 I had a brother once,—a gracious boy,  
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,  
 Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look  
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners give

To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once and son! He left my side,  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried  
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!  
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,  
To see them die! Have ye daughters fair? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,  
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,  
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne  
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!  
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king!—and once again—  
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,  
The eternal city shall be free! her sons  
Shall walk with princes!

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THE BLACK REGIMENT. PORT HUDSON, *May 27, 1863.*

*Geo. H. Boker.*

DARK as the clouds of even,  
Ranked in the western heaven,  
Waiting the breath that lifts  
All the dread mass, and drifts  
Tempest and falling brand  
Over a ruined land;—  
So still and orderly,  
Arm to arm, knee to knee,  
Waiting the great event  
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line  
Teeth gleam and eye-balls shine,  
And the bright bayonet,  
Bristling, and firmly set,  
Flashed with a purpose grand,  
Long, ere the sharp command  
Of the fierce rolling drum  
Told them their time had come,  
Told them what work was sent  
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sargeant cried,  
"Though death and hell betide,  
Let the whole nation see  
If we are fit to be free  
In this land; or bound  
Down, like the whining hound,—  
Bound with red stripes of pain  
In our old chains again!"  
Oh! what a shout there went  
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" trump and drum awoke,  
Onward the bondmen broke:  
Bayonet and sabre stroke  
Vainly opposed their rush.  
Through the wild battle's crush,  
With but one thought aflush,  
Driving their lords like chaff,  
In the guns' mouths they laugh;  
Or at the slippery brands  
Leaping with open hands,  
Down they tear man and horse,  
Down in their awful course;  
Trampling with bloody heel  
Over the crashing steel,  
All their eyes forward bent,  
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—  
"Freedom! or learn to die!"  
Ah! and they meant the word,  
Not as with us 'tis heard,  
Not a mere party shout:  
They gave their spirits out;  
Trusted the end to God,  
And on the gory sod  
Rolled in triumphant blood.  
Glad to strike one free blow,  
Whether for weal or woe;  
Glad to breathe one free breath,  
Though on the lips of death.  
Praying—alas! in vain!—  
That they might fall again,  
So they could once more see  
That burst to liberty!  
This was what "freedom" lent  
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;  
But they are resting well;  
Scourges and shackles strong  
Never shall do them wrong.

O, to the living few,  
 Soldiers, be just and true!  
 Hail them as comrades tried;  
 Fight with them side by side;  
 Never in field or tent,  
 Scorn the black regiment.

---

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.—*By C. B. Southey.*

TREAD softly—bow the head;  
 In reverent silence bow;  
 No passing bell doth toll,  
 Yet an immortal soul  
 Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,  
 With lowly reverence bow;  
 There's one in that poor shed,  
 One by that paltry bed,  
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
 Lo! Death doth keep his state;  
 Enter—no crowds attend;  
 Enter—no guards defend  
 This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,  
 No smiling courtiers tread;  
 One silent woman stands,  
 Lifting with meagre hands  
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—  
 An infant wail alone;  
 A sob suppressed—again  
 That short, deep gasp, and then  
 The parting groan.

Oh! change!—Oh! wondrous change!—  
 Burst are the prison bars—  
 This moment there, so low,  
 So agonized, and now  
 Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!  
 There lies the soulless clod!  
 The sun eternal breaks—  
 The new immortal wakes—  
 Wakes with his God!

## BOMBASTIC DESCRIPTION OF A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

'Twas night! the stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a clouded canopy o'erhung the world; the vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth; the deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden balls; the huge undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore; and torrents leaped from mountain-tops; when the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow,—murder in his heart,—and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand.

The storm increased; the lightnings flashed with brighter glare; the thunder growled with deeper energy; the winds whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp. A demoniac smile gathered on his lip; he grated his teeth; raised his arm; sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim; and relentlessly killed—a **MUSQUITO**!

---

 SHORT POETICAL EXTRACTS.

OH, man, boast not thy "lion heart!"  
 Tell not of proud heroic deed!  
 Have we not seen thy vaunted art  
 Fail in the deepest hour of need?  
 But, woman's courage! 'tis more deep,  
 More strong, than heart of man can feel,—  
 To save her little ones that sleep,  
 She bares her bosom to the steel!

S. F. STREETER.

---

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin; his control  
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

BYRON.

O, hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?  
 His chain some furious madman breaks !  
 He comes ! I see his glaring eyes !  
 Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes !  
 Help ! help !—he's gone ! O, fearful woe,  
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see !  
 My brain, my brain ! I know, I know,  
 I am not mad—but soon shall be ! M. G. LEWIS.

---

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !  
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home.  
 J. S. KNOWLES.

---

Hush ! 'tis a holy hour ! the quiet room  
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds  
 A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,  
 And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,  
 With all their clustering locks untouched by care,  
 And bowed as flowers are bowed with night in prayer.  
 B. BARTON.

---

The auctioneer, then, in his labor began ;  
 And called out aloud, as he held up a man,  
 "How much for a bachelor ? Who wants to buy ?"  
 In a twink, every maiden responded, "I—I !"  
 In short, at a hugely extravagant price,  
 The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,  
 And forty old maidens—some younger, some older—  
 Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

---

"Oh Men, with Sisters dear !  
 Oh ! Men with Mothers and Wives  
 It is not linen you're wearing out,  
 But human creatures' lives !  
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
 A shroud as well as a shirt ! HOOD.

And O, when Death comes in terrors, to cast  
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,—  
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart.  
J. LAWRENCE.

---

"But I defy him!—let him come!"  
 Down rang the massy cup,  
 While from its sheath the ready blade  
 Came flashing half-way up;  
 And with the black and heavy plumes  
 Scarce trembling on his head,  
 There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,  
 Old Rudiger sat—dead! A. G. GREENE.

---

And this, O Spain! is thy return  
 For the new world I gave!  
 Chains!—this the recompense I earn!  
 The fetters of the slave!  
 Yon sun that sinketh 'neath the sea,  
 Rises on realms I found for thee.  
MISS JEWSBURY.

---

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—  
 But we left him alone with his glory! WOLFE.

---

What's hallowed ground?—"Tis what gives birth  
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—  
 Peace! Independence! Truth! Go forth,  
 Earth's compass round;  
 And your high priesthood shall make earth  
 All hallowed ground! CAMPBELL.

---

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour:  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave. GRAY.

---

Small service is true service while it lasts;  
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:  
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.  
WORDSWORTH.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;  
The darkest wave hath white foam near it;  
And twinkles through the cloudiest night  
Some solitary star to cheer it.  
The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;  
The saddest heart is not all sadness;  
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom  
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

---

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,  
The main she will traverse, forever and aye.  
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!  
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last!

---

THE LETTERS.—*By Alfred Tennyson.*

STILL on the tower stood the vane;  
A black yew gloomed the stagnant air;  
I peered athwart the chancel pane,  
And saw the altar cold and bare.  
A clog of lead was 'round my feet,  
A band of pain across my brow;  
“Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet  
Before you hear my marriage vow.”

I turned and hummed a bitter song  
That mocked the wholesome human heart;  
And then we met in wrath and wrong,  
We met, but only meant to part.  
Full cold my greeting was, and dry;  
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;  
I saw with half-unconscious eye  
She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest—  
With half a sigh she turned the key;  
Then raised her head with lips compressed,  
And gave my letters back to me.  
And gave the trinkets and the rings,  
My gifts when gifts of mine could please;  
As looks a father on the things  
Of his dead son, I looked on these.

She told me all her friends had said;  
I raged against the public liar.  
She talked as if her love were dead;  
But in my words were seeds of fire.



"No more of love;—your sex is known :  
 I never will be twice deceived.  
 Henceforth I trust the *man* alone—  
 The *women* cannot be believed !

"Through slander, meanest spawn of hell,  
 (And *woman's* slander is the worst),  
 And you whom once I loved so well,  
 Through you my life must be accurst !"  
 I spoke with heart, and heat, and force,  
 I shook her breast with vague alarms—  
 Like torrents from a mountain source,  
*We rushed into each other's arms.*

We parted. Sweetly gleamed the stars,  
 And sweet the vapor-braided blue ;  
 Low breezes fanned the belfry bars,  
 As homeward by the church I drew.  
 The very graves appeared to smile,  
 So fresh they rose in shadowed swells ;  
 "Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,  
 There comes a sound of marriage bells."

SHAMUS O'BRIEN, THE BOLD BOY OF GLINGALL.  
 A TALE OF '98.—*By Samuel Lover.*

Jist after the war, in the year '98,  
 As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,  
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,  
 To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.  
 There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,  
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.  
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon :  
 If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon ;  
 An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,  
 The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.  
 An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'  
 Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin',  
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,  
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—  
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay ;  
 An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all  
 Was SHAMUS O'BRIEN, from the town iv Glingall.  
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,  
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white ;  
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red ;

An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,  
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,  
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,  
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!  
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,  
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.  
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,  
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;  
An', by gorra, the whole world gev it into him there.  
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,  
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,  
An' it's many the one can remember right well  
The quare things he done: an' it's often I heerd tell  
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin four,  
An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.  
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,  
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;  
Aftther many a brave action of power and pride,  
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,  
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,  
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, SHAMUS, look back on the beautiful moon,  
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,  
An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,  
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;  
One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood;  
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;  
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,  
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.  
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,  
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;  
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor bound,  
An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison-ground,  
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there  
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;  
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,  
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,  
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,  
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.  
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart  
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;  
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,  
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,  
By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,  
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave  
His enemies never should have it to boast  
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;  
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,  
For, undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,  
 The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,  
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,  
 An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;  
 An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,  
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;  
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,  
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;  
 An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,  
 With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;  
 An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said  
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead,  
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN kem into the dock.  
 For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,  
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,  
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,  
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;  
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;  
 And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,  
 An' JIM didn't nderstand it, nor mind it a taste,  
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,  
 "Are you guilty or not, JIM O'BRIEN, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN made answer and said:  
 "My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time  
 I thought any treason, or did any crime  
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,  
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,  
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,  
 Before God and the world I would answer you, no!  
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,  
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,  
 I answer you, yes; and I tell you again,  
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then  
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,  
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,  
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;  
 By my sowl, it's himself was the erabbed ould chap!  
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.  
 Then SHAMUS' mother in the crowd standin' by,  
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:  
 "O, judge! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word!  
 The crathur is young, have merey, my lord;  
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';  
 You don't know him, my lord—O, don't give him to ruin!

He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest-hearted;  
 Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.  
 Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,  
 An' GOD will forgive you—O, don't say the word!  
 That was the first minute that O'BRIEN was shaken,  
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;  
 An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,  
 The big tears were runnin' fast, one after th' other;  
 An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,  
 But the strong, manly voice used to falter and break;  
 But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,  
 He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,  
 "An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,  
 For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;  
 And GOD knows it's better than wandering in fear  
 On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,  
 To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,  
 From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.  
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,  
 Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour;  
 For I wish, when my head's lyin' under the raven,  
 No true man can say that I died like a craven!"  
 Then towards the judge SHAMUS bent down his head,  
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,  
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;  
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?  
 An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?  
 What come they to talk of? what come they to see?  
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?  
 O, SHAMUS O'BRIEN! pray fervent and fast,  
 May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;  
 Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,  
 When, strong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.  
 An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,  
 Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;  
 An' whiskey was sellin', and cussamuck too,  
 An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.  
 An' ould TIM MULVANY, he made the remark,  
 There wasn't sich a sight since the time of NOAH's ark,  
 An' be gorry, 'twas true for him, for divil sich a scrage,  
 Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge  
 For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,  
 Waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,  
 An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,  
 An' a cart in the middle, an' SHAMUS was in it,  
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.  
 An' as soon as the people saw SHAMUS O'BRIEN,  
 Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',

A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,  
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.  
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,  
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;  
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.  
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,  
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;  
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,  
An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN throws one last look round.  
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,  
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;  
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,  
For the gripe iv the life-strangling chord to prepare;  
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.  
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,  
And with one daring spring JIM has leaped on the ground;  
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres;  
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!  
Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,—  
By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,  
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—  
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.  
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,  
An' Father MALONE lost his new Sunday hat;  
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,  
An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.  
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang.

He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be  
In America, darlint, the land of the free.

---

THE PARTING.—*By N. K. Richardson.*

BRIGHT rose the cheery morn; the golden sun  
Had risen; and the night-clouds one by one,  
Rolled back their dingy drapery from the sky,  
Bidding the sun to live, the stars to die.  
The glowing east, a panoramic view,  
Blushed like a modest maid with crimson hue;  
As onward rushed the glittering orb of day  
Crushing the misty mountains in its way.  
It gilded steeples, turrets, towers, and vanes;  
And threw upon the village golden chains  
Of heavenly light, that brighter, brighter grew,  
Drinking from trembling leaves the sparkling dew.

And throwing darts reproachful, in the eyes  
Of slumbering men, who, Past Meridian,—rise.  
God sends this messenger of light to teach,  
The sluggards practice what the laborers preach:  
Behold! He walks upon the eastern rim,  
And toiling on, bids all men follow Him.

But hark! What means that instantaneous roar,  
Why doth the eagle, frightened, swiftly soar  
To yon high peak that overhangs the sea?  
What means that shriek of untold agony?  
Proud bird of Freedom, hath some impious hand  
Struck thy loved form?—Some cruel despot land,  
Where liberty enchained is kept in awe,  
Where regal tyrants *make* and *rule* the law?  
Listen again, I hear the rumbling car;  
Whilst on the breeze the cry of War! War! War!  
Rings through the village, and the kindling spark  
Bursts into flame;—Alas! my country, hark!  
O'er southern plains I hear the clash of arms,  
The wail of women, and the dread alarms  
Of battle! On, on they rush, on with impetuous speed,  
The young, the old, the hound, the nimble steed!  
Mechanics, artizans, farmers, lawyers too,  
And of the reverend clergy not a few!  
For weeks the drum and fife rang through the town,  
The *nation* spoke, and with an awful frown,  
Thousands on thousands governed by their reason,  
Went forth to aid in trampling upon Treason.  
As when the billows of old ocean swell,  
So trooped the legions of the North, to quell  
This emanation from the depths of hell!

\* \* \* \* \*

A little cottage on the village street,  
Homely 'tis true, but notwithstanding, neat;  
With fences whitened, garden nicely made,  
Show'd woman's thrifty hand to have been laid  
On the rude dwelling, that would surely shock  
Some foppish upstart of a wealthy stock.  
Within, the furniture was scant and poor;  
No carpet hid the water-polished floor;  
But labor, faithful friend, forever true,  
Gave to each object old appearance new.

A virtuous widow and an honest son,  
Dwelt here alone: but, ah! the *two* were *one*;  
Oh! blessed poverty, thy trials prove,  
How much exists in mutual love.  
Together both in sunshine and in shade;  
Both sang together and together prayed.  
Our hero on this glorious sunny day

Was treading slowly o'er his grassy way,  
Toward the little shop, where at his trade  
A meagre pittance at the best he made:—  
When, suddenly, the bugle blast  
Of war came calling loud and fast !  
For brave men, all to go and fight,  
For home, for country, and for right,  
For freedom, for our flag and laws,  
And for the honor of our cause !

Backward he turned; she blessed her son,  
And bade him go, and never come  
Until the glorious work was done !  
She prayed, she smiled, she kiss'd her boy,  
She wept with patriotic joy,—  
To think that, humble as she was,  
Through him *she* fought in freedom's cause.

My child, she said, be true to God ;  
Study and love His Holy Word ;  
Then foremost in the fight stand forth,  
And do your best to aid the North.  
And should these earthly bonds be riven,  
We'll meet within the courts of heaven.  
Go forth, the threatening clouds dispel !  
Farewell, dear boy, once more—farewell.

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